

£1,000 HIDDEN IN LONDON. SEE BELOW.

The Daily Mirror.

No. 57.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1904.

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Our special forecast for to-day is: Gusty westerly winds; very changeable and rather cooler; occasional squalls of rain, bright intervals.
Lighting-up time, 5.8 p.m.
SEA PASSAGES.
English Channel, North Sea, and Irish Channel, all rather rough.

The Daily Mirror.

8th Day of Year. Friday, Jan. 8, 1904. 358 days to Dec. 31.

To-Day's News at a Glance.

Home.
The King and Queen were yesterday entertained with some highly diverting theatricals at Chatsworth.—See page 4.
The fire at Mordey Carney's engineering works near Southampton has done £10,000 worth of damage, and 150 men are thrown out of work.
Various mayors and corporations will ride on the new Greenwich electric tramway cars on Monday next to thoroughly test them before borough councillors and the public are carried on Tuesday.
Before his great Guildhall meeting on January 19, Mr. Chamberlain will fortify himself with lunch at the City Carlton Club as the guest of Sir Joseph Dimsdale.
The much-fined bookmaker is getting tired of it, and purposes running candidates of his own for the London County Council elections, "in order to fight grandmotherly legislation."
A receiving order has been made against the Marquess of Queensberry on account of his non-compliance with the requirements of a banking notice.
A commercial traveller was brutally assaulted on the London and North-Western Railway yesterday. A sailor is in custody.—See page 6.
Mr. Arthur Lee, M.P., Civil Lord of the Admiralty, is resigning from the Executive Committee of the Tariff Reform League owing to the press of his official duties at the Admiralty.
One of the finest fox coverts in the country is comprised in the Wansford estate, in Huntingdonshire and Northamptonshire, which has been sold for £85,000 by the Duke of Bedford to Earl Fitzwilliam.
Sir Albert W. Woods, Garter Principal King of Arms, has died in London at the age of eighty-eight.—See page 5.
A dog fiercely defended the body of its master who was killed on the South-Eastern Railway from the police who came to remove the corpse.—See page 3.
For attributing "un-nurselike conduct" to a nurse, Mrs. Rosannah Thompson, of Amblesley Ridge, near Stroud, was yesterday ordered at Birmingham to pay £50 damages.
After doing a splendid trade in stolen articles for some time at Leicester and other places, Davis Frankel has just retired for ten years seclusion owing to the kind offices of the Leicester Recorder.
Miss Ada Reeve, who has now recovered, left London yesterday for the Continent, on her way to the Canary Islands, where she will rest for two months.
Lord Charles Beresford will be one of the principal speakers at the inaugural dinner of the Ireland Club at the Hotel Cecil on January 25.
Last year's report being published, Mr. Carnegie has resumed his prodigious career of literary scattering. Scarborough is the latest victim with an offer of £7,500.
The Quorn Hunt has decided to spend £5,000 on new kennels for their lucky dogs.
The Prince of Wales has given £20 towards a fund for freeing from debt the Society of Foreigners in Distress, of which he is president.
In the future tramps may have to write and carry about with them an autobiography of their careers, before they are admitted to a workhouse.—See page 5.

Foreign and Colonial.

It is reported that Russia has made some new demands which it is impossible for Japan to entertain.—See page 3.
Apart from such trifles as cold and the failure of the baggage yaks, the British mission to Tibet should be enjoying the "picnic" for the natives are freely supplying the force with good things.
Encouraged by the attitude of the Pope towards "fancy" church music, certain hyper-aesthetic persons, forgetting that churches are places of worship and not art galleries, wish to persuade his Holiness to condemn all church ornament that is not strictly artistic.
The outbreak of seaman's strike at Barcelona is becoming chronic. The sailors of every ship arriving there join the ranks of the affected.
Displeased because the Finns will not Russianise quickly enough, Russia turned thirty-eight of them out of their country last year, so that the land at least may be bare Russian.
An American Congo missionary and twenty-three natives have been drowned by the capsizing of a steamship.—See page 5.
Because she defended her soldier sweetheart when a cadet ordered his arrest for not saluting, a fair German has been fined thirty shillings.
Italy will possibly soon be prepared to submit to a third impartial party the advisability of keeping her organ-grinders at home now that the Anglo-Italian Arbitration Treaty is ready for signature.
As every nation of repute must have military manoeuvres, the United States, with her usual largeness of idea, has selected 300 square miles in New York State, in which she will cause 40,000 troops to perform evolutions.
Sir Henry McCallum, Governor of Natal, is leaving for England by the Walmer Castle, and the Hon. Sir Henry Bale, Chief Justice of Natal, will act as Governor in his absence.
Cardinal Gotti has decided that the appointment of a new Bishop of Southwark shall be discussed on January 18, before the Congregation of the Propaganda.
The German Crown Prince has been fluttering the Hohenzollern doves by his numerous love affairs.—See page 5.
The company which is boring the Simplon tunnel has spent up to the end of September last £104,600 on the comfort of the men engaged in the work, says a Zurich paper.
Claims against Venezuela amounting to £3,000,000 have been presented by the United States before the mixed commission, but only £67,600 has been awarded. Four claims amounting to £1,000,000 are under consideration.
Turkish troops are being prepared at Salonika, and a massacre of Christians at Monastir is expected.
Sir Wilfrid Laurier's demand for treaty-making power and independence is opposed by the French-Canadians on the ground that the United States would on some pretext stretch the elastic Monroe doctrine a little further and repeat the Panama incident.
Forty-three men have been killed and injured by a fearful boiler explosion on board H.M.S. Wallaroo, which was steaming from Sydney to Hobart.—See page 4.

RUSSIA'S REPLY

Believed to Diminish Hope of Peace.

GLOOMY VIEWS IN TOKIO.

Views as to the Far Eastern situation are still of the gloomiest character. From St. Petersburg it is stated that Baron Von Rosen, the Russian Minister, presented the Russian reply on Wednesday.
The Japanese Cabinet sat yesterday to consider it. The reply is believed to be unsatisfactory, and one correspondent goes so far as to say it practically removes all hope of a peaceful settlement.
He says the Japanese recognise that the situation is the gravest possible. Russia makes new demands which it is impossible for the Japanese to entertain.
In support of this view the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "New York Herald" says Russia has courteously informed Japan that her suggestions are impossible.
Reuter says:—
At the Cabinet Council there were present the Premier, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Ministers for War and Marine, and the chiefs and assistant chiefs of the army and naval staffs.
A conference of the Elder Statesmen will probably take place to-day.
Stocks, which recovered somewhat on Wednesday, were down again yesterday.
More Battleship Buying?
Preparations for war are being pressed on with feverish activity on both sides. It is stated that Japan is trying to buy four more Argentine warships at Buenos Ayres, and yesterday she took over the two, built in Italy, which she has already secured.
Perfect satisfaction is expressed with these fine ships, which were handed over to a Japanese Commission composed of fourteen officers and the naval attaché.
Speaking at a luncheon afterwards, Admiral Matsuo complimented the Argentine Commission on the vessels, which were perfect types of a warship.
The 120 British sailors engaged to man the vessels arrived (says Reuter) last evening. The cruisers, which are now named Akasuga and Nishina, are completely provisioned, and will probably sail to-day.
Japanese and Russian agents are making great purchases of warlike stores in America; torpedoes have been ordered by Japan for immediate shipment to the East; and hundreds of Japanese in the Western States of America are preparing to return to Japan to enter the army.
Russian Bluejackets in Korea.
Korea, the danger-spot of the situation, is seething with anarchy. All the Powers are landing troops. British bluejackets and Americans have been landed at Chemulpho, and are expected to go to the capital to-day.
A guard of thirty Russians for the Russian Legation landed at Chemulpho, but the Japanese railway refused to transport them to Seoul. They, however, have reached the capital, marching overland.
It is reported (says Reuter) that preparations have been made to give the Emperor of Korea an asylum at the French Legation in the event of serious trouble breaking out.
The Korean Chargé d'Affaires in London says the landing of these troops will have the effect of exciting the people. In any case, Russia, he adds, does not need a regiment to guard its Legation.
It is significant of the troubled state of things that Vice-Admiral Sir Cypryan Bridge, commanding the China Station, has postponed his intended departure from Shanghai to Hong Kong owing to the uncertainty of the situation.
France is sending the cruiser Sully to join her Far Eastern Squadron, and Italy is sending out the Marco Polo.
France's Hope of Mediation.
According to Reuter it is understood in well-informed quarters that the French Government is most desirous of averting a conflict between Russia and Japan, and in French political circles it is confidently believed that if Great Britain were to take the initiative in any interposition on behalf of the interests of peace, the French Government, if invited, would readily join in any such effort.
No Cabinet Council.
There will be no meeting of the Cabinet on Saturday, as reported yesterday.

ORDERLY ELECTORS.

Polling in Mid-Devon Marked by a Lack of Excitement.

Even such very ardent politicians as the electors in the Mid-Devon Division had their spirits somewhat damped by the heavy rain which fell throughout yesterday—the day on which they had to record their votes for Sir Richard Harrison or Mr. H. T. Eve, K.C., the respective Unionist and Liberal candidates.
The interest which, in view of the excitement that has prevailed at the majority of the meetings held during the campaign, it was anticipated would be shown yesterday was not very apparent, for the streets of Newton Abbot, Ashburton, and other places in the constituency were practically deserted. Except for the small crowds in front of the polling stations the streets would have borne their normal aspect.
Candidate's Tortuous Journeys.
Mr. Dobbie, the Liberal candidate for the Ayr Burghs, yesterday had no light experience of the topographical difficulties of the constituency. He left Ayr in the morning bound for Inverary, and his journey entailed fifty miles by railway, a thirty mile voyage by steamer up Loch Goll, a drive of ten miles to Loch Fyne, and finally a passage by the sea ferry at Loch Fyne to Inverary. It was very stormy and rained in torrents the whole day.
Mr. Younger, the Unionist candidate, issued his electoral address yesterday. He thinks the most pressing question of the hour is the need for the reconstruction of the War Office and the remodelling of the Army. He heartily supports the fiscal proposals of the Prime Minister.
Free Trade Unionism.
Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P., writing to the president of the Oldham Conservative Association, says he has no intention of relying upon the support of the association or of any organisation definitely Protectionist in character at the approaching general election; and in view of the possibility of his contesting the borough at a bye-election, he intends to take the necessary steps to form a Unionist Free Trade Association.
Last night at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Oldham Conservative Association, Mr. Churchill's letter was read, after which a resolution of no confidence in him was carried with only one dissentient.
A letter has been addressed to Lord George Hamilton by the chairman of the Central Conservative Council for the Ealing Division, informing him that they have had no alternative but to pass the following resolution:—"That the Central Conservative Council decide not to support Lord George Hamilton at the next election."
The Duke and the Liberal Party.
A statement published in a contemporary yesterday announcing the Duke of Devonshire's impending return to the Liberal Party, and that his political interests were to be amalgamated with those of Lord Rosebery, was brought to the Duke's notice. The following reply was received by the Press Association last night:—"Chatsworth House.—The Duke knows nothing of the report, and has no communication to make."

GUARDIAN OF THE DEAD.

Faithful Terrier Protects its Master's Body.

A touching story of a dog's devotion to its dead master was told yesterday at the inquest at Greenwich on Mr. Howard Drury-Drury, a young Westminster architect, who was found decapitated on the South-Eastern line between Blackheath and Charlton.
Last Monday night a ganger named Nicholls was going on duty when, near the Blackheath Tunnel, a little brown dog caught hold of his trousers. While Nicholls went to get a piece of wood to throw at it, the animal ran back as if to draw the ganger's attention to an object lying near the tunnel. When Nicholls approached he found the body of Mr. Drury-Drury. The faithful dog continued to bark, and endeavoured to protect its dead master.
On the body were found ten photos of a young lady, and the following note, written in pencil:—"Why compel our thoughts. One would have thought I deserved more consideration, but I live to learn. Have done nothing without your approval under every possible circumstance. Explanation is the least you can in fairness give me. Can you write every other month? If you don't write—"
Here the note broke off.
It was suggested that Mr. Drury-Drury was taking a short cut across the line, and was knocked down by a passing train. A verdict of Accidental Death was returned.

To-Day's Arrangements.

General.
League of Mercy: Under the patronage of Lord Cereford and Lady Edith Villiers, a performance of "My Friend the Prince" at the Theatre Royal, Albert Hall, Kensington (two days).
Royal Geographical Society: Juvenile Lecture, Lieutenant E. Shackleton on "Adventures in Antarctic Land and Seas," 4.
The Architectural Association: Mr. H. Stannus on "Christian Architecture," Royal Institute of British Architects, 9, Conduit-street, 7.30.
Sales.
J. Wilson's Successors, Ltd., 188, Regent-street, W.
Norman & Frebody, Wigmore-street, W.
G. & E. Edgar, Piccadilly-circus.
Peter Robinson, Oxford-street, W.
Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford-street, W., and Vere-street, W.
Valerie, 12, New Burlington-street.
Norman & Stacey, Tottenham-court-road.
Lewis & Allenby, Regent-street and Conduit-street, W.
Russell, Sidney-place, Wardour-street.
Gibson & Taylor, Sloane-street, S.W.
Hanger, Conduit-street, W.
Henry, Sloane-street, S.W.
Hogarty & Co., 19 and 20, New Bond-street, W.
Mayfair Shoe Company, Vere-street, W.

Theatres.

*Adelphi, "Little Hans Andersen," 2; "The Earl and the Girl," 8.15.
Apollo, "Madame Sherry," 8.15.
Comedy, "The Girl from Kay's," 8.
*Court, "Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit," and "Snowdrop," 2.30.
Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 9.
Daly's, "A Country Girl," 8.
*Drury Lane, "Humpty Dumpty," 1.30 and 7.30.
Duke of York's, "Lety," 8.
Gaiety, "The Orchid," 8.
*Garrick, "Water Babies," 2.15; "The Cricket on the Hearth," 8.15.
Haymarket, "Cousin Kate," 9.
His Majesty's, "The Darling of the Gods," 8.15.
Imperial, "Monsieur Beaucaire," 8.30.
Lyric, "The Duchess of Dantzie," 8.
*New, "Alice Through the Looking-glass," 2.30 and 8.15.
Prince of Wales's, "The School Girl," 8.
Royalty, "Zapfenreich," 8.15.
St. James's, "The Professor's Love Story," 8.30.
Strand, "A Chinese Honeymoon," 8.
Terry's, "My Lady Molly," 8.15.
Vaudeville, "The Cherry Girl," 2 and 8.
Wyndham's, "Little Mary," 9.
Alhambra, "Carmen," doors open 7.45.
Empire, "Vineland," doors open 7.45.
*Hippodrome, "The Elephant Hunters," 2 and 8.
Palace, New Bioscope Pictures, 8.
*Matinees are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

CHATS WORTH THEATRICALS.

MR. TREVOR'S BRILLIANT PANTOMIME A GREAT SUCCESS.

THE QUEEN VISITS THE POOR.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Chatsworth, Thursday Night.

The regeneration of the British drama is assured. The brothers Trevor have done it; and now, farewell, Pinero; farewell, Barrie—we have LAUGHED.

But I must begin with the morning. It rained. The Queen, dear lady, drove over to Bakewell Workhouse, delighting the poor old gaffers and grannies as she shook their hands, or, taking a leaf from the example of the immortal "Dizzy," demanded, "How's the old complaint?" or words to that effect. Her Majesty left a purse of £50 for the poor souls. Princess Victoria, the Duke, and the Duchess drove with her, but the rest of us spied on the last rehearsal for to-night's performance.

Well, even that is over. The secret is out at last. Not a soul among us has guessed it, and the way we were put off the scent was terrible. "Mortifying," as one of our put it.

Among the Audience.

To begin with the audience; there was "us," some of the servants, and about 120 neighbours who had been asked for the evening. The theatre is small, but perfect; pretty as a box of chocolate creams, and the ceiling is painted like the roof of a boudoir by Fragonard.

The curtain rose, and the Princess—she of Pless—came out in cornflower blue and recited, sang, and danced a monologue. "The Eternal Feminine," it was called—a coon song, skirt dance, and words. It was all very provoking.

Then we were presented to the pantomime. "Cinderella and the Magic Slipper" is the name, and here is the programme:—

Cinderella.....	Mrs. Willie James
Her Ugly Sisters.....	Miss Muriel Wilson and
Mr. Prince.....	Princess Henry of Pless
(a millionaire)...	Sir Hedworth Williamson

Mr. Leo Trevor was the Admirable Crichton. He began as the fairy godmother, came back again as Tommy Trotter, changed to a chauffeur, and ended as an orator.

There were two scenes, a schoolroom and a public hall, and the action took place "in London or elsewhere"—chiefly elsewhere! Short and full of go; not a dull scene in the whole thing, Cinderella is the best musical comedy I have seen for a long time.

Willing Victims.

It bristles, it fairly bristles, with points. We are all attacked, but we liked it. Muriel Wilson came in and mimicked the society "elocutionist" who will persist in boring us with his tragic lay. "Sir Hugo's Vow," the stuff was called, and nobody could have told but what she was in earnest unless they listened.

Of course we had our millionaire, and of course he knew all about art, "because he was born in Johannesburg." There was a Socialist "with leanings towards feudalism," and certain diverting references to the "inventions" of the Press. Marconi, apparently, isn't it with them!

"The way to be the envy of your neighbour," tells of the shortest cut to get into society, and stay there. It was a trio, and, when we had all clapped, the fairy godmother came down the chimney most lifelike on a broom, and discussed the present craze for competitions with Cinderella, who offered him "a ton and a half of radium as a Christmas present."

Fiscalists Barred.

The second act begins with the Fiscal question, but the word 'fiscal' is taboo. Various public personages come in for chaff, and Mr. Trevor is pulled up for indulging his tastes for statistical arguments. The ladies enter, and enliven the discussion with skirt and other dances. After which there are two tableaux—Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire" and Sargent's Acheson portrait by the originals. The final number of the pantomime was a quintette, in which all the characters appeared singing.

A more solemn trifling followed this display. It was called "The Dancing Girl and the Idol," music by Dora Bright, words by Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton. Muriel Wilson was the dancing girl, and Lady Maud Warrender was the lover whose lost affection causes her to pray melodiously to the idol.

This image hears her prayer, and her lover comes back singing "Star of My Night."

I am coming through the corn,

The birds' last homeward flight

Tells me the dark is born.

Can't thou feel the dark, my heart?

It covers us till morn.

The morn when we must part.

And I go back through the corn.

It was very pretty and charming and fanciful. Their Majesties came in at half-past ten, and we all stood while the band played "God Save the King." Orders and ribbons were worn. The Queen was in black velvet with silver embroidery and wore a small diamond crown. The Duchess was in white and silver. When all was over the King and Queen congratulated the players warmly, and said how much the acting had amused them.

THE THIRD EYE.

Some Formidable Creatures of Prehistoric Times.

Whether or not there is a sea-serpent disporting himself in the ocean at the present moment, there certainly existed one in bygone times.

Professor Ray Lankester told his youthful audience at the Royal Institution yesterday afternoon of the extinct sea python, who was sixty feet long and propelled himself along by paddles, though otherwise he was much like the snakes of to-day.

The professor kept the boys and girls amused by throwing on the screen restorations of the quaint and terrifying monsters that roamed this planet in these worrying prehistoric times.

There was, for example, a bird twenty-one feet high, with teeth like those of a crocodile, who amused himself by picking holes—real physical holes—in the megatherium, which doubtless gave the latter his traditional unpleasant expression.

Once there lived animals with a third eye at the back of their heads. This must have been very convenient for seeing anything coming up behind with the intention of devouring you, and why this extra eye should have disappeared seems to be rather a mystery.

The lecturer made the startling assertion that the griffin was really a pterodactyl, because it had wings on its fore-arms.

It could fold up its wings and walk about on four legs. The children roared with laughter at the picture of this pantomimic creature strolling along on its four feet.

THE CRY OF THE FLY.

Children's Quaint Fancies About the World They Live In.

Paola Lombroso, the clever daughter of the great Italian criminologist, contributes to a Berlin paper an article on the fantasy of children, which contains some droll stories. She tells how her own baby, fourteen months old, believed most firmly that the baa-lamb bleated with its tail, because her own woolly lamb on wheels baa-ed plaintively when its tail was pulled.

Another little thinker of two summers wept bitterly when his father led him through an avenue of trees. He had noticed how easily his ninnepins toppled over at the touch of the ball, had learnt by experience that his father's stick fell over when he tried to balance it, and he was afraid that the tall, slender trunks, with their top-heavy branches, would be even more unsteady.

A little damsel of eight is responsible for a deliciously childish fancy which she confided to Signora Lombroso. She found an unfortunate fly squashed between the leaves of a book, and remarked with a disappointed air, "What a pity we were not there when the fly was squashed; we should then have learnt how one says in the fly-language, 'Alas, I am dying. Help! help!'—for it must certainly have called for help."

LADIES' COUNTY GOLF.

A central committee meeting of the Ladies' County Golf Association was held yesterday to consider important suggestions concerning the inter-county championship contest. Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson occupied the chair, and all but two of the counties were represented.

It was decided that the county year should end on June 30 instead of in November, in which month the final of the 1903 tournament was played. This year's competition will last until June 30, 1905, as the various matches cannot be decided by June next. After that the county year will begin on July 1.

It was resolved that each team shall consist of seven players, and that, in the case of a halved round, the tie shall be decided by the playing of extra holes until either side gained a hole. A proposal that the Ladies' Golf Union should select the green for the finals was carried unanimously.

It was also decided to form a Northern section, consisting of Lancashire, Cheshire, Yorkshire, and the counties farther north.

CANON MACCOLL ENGAGED.

The somewhat remarkable announcement comes from Ripon that the Rev. Dr. Malcolm MacColl, canon residentiary of Ripon, is engaged to be married to Miss Consuelo Albina Compton-Stansfield.

Dr. MacColl has been a Canon of Ripon since 1884. It may be remembered, that among his other claims to greatness is his considerable interest in the Bulgarian atrocities campaign. He is a brother of the late editor of the "Athenæum."

COSTLY NUISANCES.

Before the London Street Traffic Commissioners yesterday it was stated that in a single year 11,000 openings, amounting to 110 per mile of street, were made by companies in Westminster alone. In addition, there were from 300,000 to 400,000 openings of surface boxes.

The result was that the cost of road maintenance was increased by £18,000 a year in Westminster, and altogether the operations of the companies cost the City Council nearly £30,000 per annum.

CHARITY AND SENSATION.

Public Only Moved by Theatrical Cases of Distress.

Mr. Montagu Sharpe, Deputy Chairman of the Middlesex Sessions and Chairman of the Brentford Police Court, writes an interesting letter with reference to the case of the poor woman, Mrs. Payne, whose sad story of hard work and frightfully scanty pay so roused public sympathy that about £150 was subscribed for her.

"Now the point which I desire to make clear," he says, "is that this sad case is only one of numerous others, all equally deserving, but in these the public take little interest unless there are circumstances of a thrilling nature."

"Not long ago the Brentford Court tried to place a deserving crippled lad in a suitable home, where he could be taught a trade for his subsequent support. Nothing could be done without an annual payment of £15 towards his maintenance. The Bench made a public appeal, with the result that five shillings were received! Now, if this lad had been rescued in a sensational manner from, say, a burning house, I imagine that at least £100 would have been readily forthcoming."

"Such inconsistency on the part of the public in cases of equal merit is, to my mind, little short of scandalous."

FROM "THE OTHER SIDE."

Who Can Identify the Shade of "Sweet Isabel"?

The readers of that mysterious paper "Light," which deals with the uncanny affairs of the spirit world, have a puzzle set for them by Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor.

He says it adds greatly to the "evidential value" of a communication from the "other side" (of the grave, be it understood, not the Atlantic), when the communicator, though quite unknown at the time, can subsequently be identified; and the evidential value of the identification increases directly with the difficulty of procuring it.

"I do not remember," adds the writer, "any attempt to get a communicator identified by making the matter public, but I would like to try that way."

"Wanted information about a spirit communicator."

1. 'Isabel,' 'Sweet Isabel,' who
2. Passed over between four and six years ago of fever, shortly after her arrival in China to join her father.
3. Her mother is with her on the 'other side,' and her father is vice-consul in a small inland Chinese town.
4. Before leaving England she lived with her aunt Maria, probably in one of the towns on the South Coast.
5. The ship in which she went to China called at Aden and she remembers that a gentleman, a fellow-passenger, of the name of Owen, landed there.

Any person who can identify "Isabel" is desired to communicate the fact to Colonel Taylor, of 6, College-lawn, Cheltenham. The latter is, of course, absolutely serious. Will any *Daily Mirror* reader undertake the ghostly inquiry?

THE FOUR DANGER FACTORS.

One of those cases, which are of such frequent occurrence, of a child being burnt to death during its mother's absence from home came before the City Coroner yesterday.

Dr. Waldo remarked that it appeared to him that the same four factors were always present: There were no fire-guards; mothers were obliged to go out and leave their children alone; matches were left carelessly about; and, finally, flannelette, an inflammable material, was largely used for under-clothing, not only among the really poor, but among the well-to-do.

He added that he should like to see the Legislature requiring all fire-places to be fitted with guards.

KAISER'S ARTISTIC PREJUDICES.

The German Emperor has very definite views on art, and according to a Berlin journal he has been trying to make a distinguished convert.

His Majesty is said to have sent recently the Prussian Minister of Education to Weimar to induce the Grand Duke to withdraw his patronage from the modernist painters. The Emperor has a horror of modernism and impressionism, and with his usual impetuosity wished his young ally to partake of his views.

The Grand Duke, however, is said to have protested against the Imperial interference with his private tastes.

CHRISTIAN PRAYER OVER A BUDDHIST.

East Ham had an unusual sight yesterday in the shape of a Japanese funeral. It was that of a sailor belonging to a Nippon Yusen Kaisha steamer now in dock.

There was no Buddhist priest to perform the ceremony, but the Rev. H. Yamabe, a Japanese clergyman attached to the Church of England, was present, and offered a short prayer at the graveside of the dead Buddhist.

SINISTER FRENCH VISITOR.

Is it a French plot? Is the entente cordiale a delusion?

A French torpedo has been picked up off the English coast and towed into Dover. It was sent across the Channel yesterday, and we breathe again.

HURLED TO DEATH.

BOILER EXPLOSION ON BRITISH CRUISER.

FORTY-THREE KILLED AND INJURED.

An explosion has occurred in the boilers of H.M. cruiser Wallaroo, of the Australian station (telegraphed Reuter yesterday morning), and an official message, confirming the report, stated that the killed and injured number 43. It is to be hoped that there are many more injured than killed.

The naval authorities at Sydney have no information as to the names and rank of the killed. They assume, however, that the fatalities include the whole shift of twenty-three stokers and a number of deck hands.

The Wallaroo is expected at Sydney to-day, when full particulars will be telegraphed home.

Burnt, Mangled, and Scalded.

The Wallaroo, it appears, was off Montague Island, halfway between Sydney and her destination, Hobart, Tasmania, when the explosion which has cost us so many gallant lives occurred. Of the 219 men on board only out of every five has suffered. The stokers, burnt, mangled, and scalded, naturally headed the list of victims. All these poor fellows were from Portsmouth, and the remainder of the crew all hail from English ports.

The ship had only lately been re-commissioned. The Wallaroo, formerly the Persian, is a small third-class twin-screw cruiser employed in the protection of Australia's floating trade, and is one of the five fast vessels which were built as a result of the passing of the Australian Naval Defence Act in 1887. She has a displacement of 2,575 tons, while her rated horsepower is 4,500.

The principal officers are Captain John G. Hewitt, Gunner-Lieutenant Charles P. Lewis, Navigation-Lieutenant William H. Lewis, and Lieutenant Clarence W. E. Ireland, and Lieutenant Alfred B. Watts.

POST-PRANDIAL PIN-PRICKS.

Mr. Lloyd-George's Candid Opinion of the Reform Club.

Last night the "New Reform Club" entertained itself and others at the Trocadero. Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt adorned the chair. Sir H. H. Johnston put up with the dinner, and a bad cold as a painful preliminary to speaking, and Mr. Lloyd George was the guest of the evening. Many ladies were present, some pretty and others political.

Mr. Lloyd George devoted himself to the extent of one-half of his speech to the necessity of offering the country something by way of counter-attraction to Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals, but the more interesting part of his remarks was given to defining his own attitude towards the Tory Party.

He told his audience that on this point he would speak his mind, whereas there would be a hurricane sound of approval. He thought the Duke of Devonshire a man of judgment, probity, and the like, but, after all, Mr. Chamberlain's view of affairs is a very considerable one. He would welcome any accession of strength to the Liberal cause, but he would see his hearers that the Liberal Party might cost pay too high a price for it. He might say that the present Ministers come again with power with a shaky majority than have the Liberal Party in power with a shaky majority.

When the Liberal Chamberlain joined the Conservative party the Liberal majority governed the Tory majority. Might it happen that, similarly, a Tory minority might sway the Liberal majority? Incidentally Mr. Lloyd George referred to the Reform Club as "a lot of club with very little reform"; and what with one thing and another the New Reformers had quite a nice, amiable, enjoyable evening. Lord Rosebery was present.

"SAFEST THEATRE IN CHICAGO."

The management of the Iroquois Theatre at Chicago, where the fire disaster occurred last week, seems to have been scandalously bad.

The managers (says Reuter) have admitted at the Fire Department investigation that instructions were given to their employees regarding measures to be taken on the outbreak of fire, and that the eleven emergency exits remained locked during the panic.

The Coliseum, where the Republicans are to hold their national convention in June, has been temporarily closed on account of a violation of the Building Law.

As a result of the fire scare, the President of Police has (says Reuter) ordered that in future police and fire-brigade inspectors are to make an examination of every theatre before the performance. The theatre curtain is also to be lowered between acts in order to inspire the public with confidence.

After carefully corking up in a bottle, which he attached to his coat, a piece of paper saying that he was not afraid and gave the soul to his Maker, a clerk jumped from the corn Bridge, eighty feet high, in the Manchester Ship Canal and was drowned.

"LE PRINCE S'AMUSE."

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE'S
NUMEROUS INFATUATIONS.

"AFRAID OF AMERICAN GIRLS."

There is talk of trouble in the German Imperial family on account of an indiscreet attachment of the young Crown Prince William.

The Emperor has had many matrimonial plans for his eldest son, but the Prince has, in fact, the family on his own account. In state of flutter by his love affairs, and on a constant occasion positive error has been caused by the gay Lothario announcing his intention of marrying some flaxen-haired Gretchen or fair American.

Still, there is safety in numbers, and it was found best to cure the Prince's infatuation for one girl by attracting his attention to another. But Miss Geraldine Farrar has proved an obstinate case. She was an American actress at the Royal Opera House in Berlin. At first it was simply a case of "Le Prince s'amuse." But Miss Farrar remained insensible to his only so long as it was evident that they were created of the same flint. The Prince's passion increased in proportion as she disregarded it.

Finally, so bewitched was the gay Hohenzollern that he told his father he would sacrifice everything to marry the charming American girl.

Quick Love Making.

"Nonsense," said the Kaiser, and sent his son to England. But no sooner did his Imperial highness set foot here than he fell in love again. The first time he appeared at the Carlton he met with an English "miss," gave her an engagement ring, split a coin, and promised to be true for ever. Germany even became quite excited, and it was said the Prince was married. But then he happened to meet two English Princesses, and fell in love with both at once.

Miss Gladys Deacon and Miss Eleanor the volatile two American girls who attracted her announced that no American should ever sit on the throne, or even be a power behind the American girl; he is afraid of her.

His one and only real love, to whom he is always true, is his mother. She is his ideal, and until he finds some one to come up to her, he will never be content.

Perhaps Princess Ena of Battenberg may be the wife he has so long sought.

WRESTLING CHAMPIONS.

At the London Pavilion Theatre of Varieties yesterday afternoon Madrali (the "Ter-champion" Turk) and Saalfeld (the Swiss champion) wrestled in the "catch-as-catch-can" style for £50 a side and a purse of £150. Madrali gained two falls in succession, and won the match. There was little to choose between the men on the score of height or age—each being twenty-seven years old; but Saalfeld was nearly a stone the heavier. His physical strength, however, did not mean additional strength; while, as regards skill, his opponent was certainly the cleverer.

Some exciting bouts were also seen at the Oxford Theatre of Varieties yesterday, in the heavy-weight and 12-stone "catch-as-catch-can" championship tournament.

Three Fenlon, champion of the Western States of America, in 55c.

Georges Hackenschmidt, "the Russian Lion," who has been matched to wrestle in two contests at Olympia yesterday, and of both. He threw W. Moir, the champion H.M.S. Caesar, in 6min. 25sec., and S. Woods, of London, in 8min. 15sec.

BETHLEHEM IN THE CITY-ROAD.

While royalty was being entertained with poorer vivants at Chatsworth, his Majesty's private hiegs were indulging a similar taste in the hall attached to St. Clement's Church, City-road.

Last night was the night of Christmas Day, and, as in former years, Father Elongridge had prepared his flock for the rolled scenes of the Nativity that were unrolled before reverent and delighted eyes.

Each tableau was after some noted master-manager and Father Elongridge was stage-manager and inspirer of the whole revelation.

"Where have you been, my dear?" he was heard to ask of a trim little maiden who came hurrying in before the performance began.

"Oh, Father, I had to go back, I forgot my hiegs and my looking-glass."

It is difficult to imagine an angel with hair-ribs, though not with a Mirror.

LONG NAME—SHORT LIFE.

Trene Jacobi Jenny Jessop Cavendish De Selina Anna Susannah Skelton Peter. died were the names of the four-months-old daughter of Jacob Peter, a chef. She had formerly suffocated, and the Lambeth coroner holding an inquest on her yesterday asked sarcastically whether there was no more of the child's name.

At last Mr. Whitaker Wright's affairs are to be investigated. Mr. Justice Bigham will hear the case on Monday next.

THE ROMANCING TRAMP.

Officials Want the Life-History
of Our Vagrants.

Vagrants may, in the future, have to present a signed history of their lives when they wish to enjoy the hospitality of the work-house.

By collecting a symposium on "How I Became a Vagrant" from workhouse frequenters, the Poor Law Union Association thinks some of the chief causes of poverty might be found, and an attempt be made to cope with the alarming increase of vagrancy.

"If workhouse masters would question their guests as to the causes of their downfall," said Mr. Turner, assistant secretary of the association, "we might get some data to work on.

"Unfortunately there would be a difficulty in getting them to tell the true story. They will spin a plausible yarn on their first entry to the 'House,' and then, when they re-appear on some future occasion, they give quite another tale.

"In my opinion the Vagrant Act should be more stringent, and any pauper who cannot give a satisfactory account of himself should be sent to prison. But even prison life nowadays comes so softly to the pauper that he is just as pleased to be the guest of his Majesty as of the ratepayers.

"The professional vagrant, as a rule, has only himself to thank for his condition. Drink and ingrained laziness have made reclamation impossible. The Salvation Army has what is termed a reclaiming depot at Hadleigh, where vagrants are given work. When they are once more accustomed to labour, places are found for them.

"But few of them stick to their situations; their old roaming instincts overcome them, and away they go on the roads again."

A BOLD EXPERIMENT.

Dr. H. Walford Davies has dared much in attempting to combine four voices, a string quartet, and a pianoforte in one work. This is the unique form of his six Pastorals, produced for the first time at the Broadwood concert last night.

In combining such different elements Dr. Davies is careful to keep the string quartet in subordination to the vocal quartet. The effect is much more variety and richness in the accompaniment than is possible on the piano alone, without any undue complexity caused by the interweaving of several parts.

The words are taken from such masters of the Pastoral style as Fletcher, Greene, Decker, and Marvell. Here at least we have an English composer choosing really beautiful words to set, and his music is throughout instinct with the poetry of the text.

The work was admirably performed by the Cathie String Quartet, and Miss Gleeson-White, Miss Edith Clegg, Mr. Gervase Elwes, and Dr. W. A. Aikin, the composer himself playing the piano part.

True to their policy of repeating works by English composers which stand in danger of being lost in spite of their promise, Messrs. Broadwood selected a string quartet in A minor by the Scotch composer, Mr. John B. McEwen, for performance last night. The beauty of the slow movement and Scherzo and the ingenious use made of tunes of a Scotch character throughout should be enough to preserve the work from oblivion.

COUNTRESS RUSSELL'S HUSBAND AGAIN.

The "Prince of Modena," who married Countess Russell, and proved to be a coachman named William Brown, has, according to Laffan, been sent to prison in Toronto for vagrancy.

Brown came to Toronto a month ago, and, giving out that he was a prince travelling incognito, became prominent in society. Finally he was turned out of his hotel, where he had incurred a debt of several hundred dollars. He has now been identified as Lady Russell's divorced husband.

PARIS NEWSPAPER KING DEAD.

M. Marinoni, the king of Paris popular journalism, died yesterday at the age of eighty. Under his management the "Petit Journal" attained a colossal circulation, and brought an immense fortune to its proprietor.

M. Marinoni, who was of Italian extraction, started life as a working engineer. He was the inventor of a rapid printing machine which is still in use in many offices.

DESTINY IN RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

A remarkable series of incidents occurred on the Great Eastern Railway yesterday, before nine o'clock. Manor Park, Ilford, and Seven Kings are successive stations on the Colchester main line. At Manor Park a passenger shot himself; at Ilford a platelayer dropped dead; and at Seven Kings a porter was cut to pieces by an express train.

MRS. MAYBRICK'S RELEASE.

The Washington correspondent of the "New York World" (Laffan states) learns that Mrs. Maybrick's attorneys have received definite advice that Mr. Akers-Douglas, the Home Secretary, has ordered her to be released at Woking next July.

TOO OLD TO LIVE.

French Suicide Apologises for
the Trouble he will Cause.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Thursday Night.

A pathetic drama of poverty has come to light. A postcard arrived for a barber living in the Boulevard de la Gare, who had long been out of work, offering him a place.

The concierge ran upstairs to give him the good news, but got no reply. When the door was forced open the poor fellow's body was found hanging from the bedpost. He had been dead at least ten days.

On the table was a letter addressed to the proprietor of the house.

"I am sorry," it said, "for all the trouble my death will give you. I am not at fault. Society alone is culpable in refusing me the right to live. You are too old," says everyone when I ask for a situation.

"What can I do? Social? Beg? I am not capable of it. In a few minutes I shall quit this sorrowful existence, quit this life which has always been odious, since I have always suffered."

"Once again I ask your pardon. Adieu."

GARTER KING-OF-ARMS DEAD.

The venerable Garter Principal King-of-Arms, Sir Albert Woods, is dead. For some time he had been ailing, his weakness preventing him from attending the Coronation of King Edward, and at seven o'clock last night he passed away at his residence, 69, St. George's-road, S.W.

This was his eighty-ninth year. At the age of twenty-two he entered the Royal College of Heralds as pursuivant, and all his life attended to the peculiar duties which fall to that body. There is scarcely a Sovereign in Europe with whom he had not been brought into contact, and his house is a perfect museum of the various gifts which he received from the rulers with whom he came in contact.

Among his duties was that of inspector of regimental colours, and during the South African War, when so many new colours had to be made and presented, this was no sinecure.

Dr. John Morgan, Dean of Waterford, died yesterday, aged eighty-six.

RACING—SPRING HANDICAP ENTRIES.

The Spring handicap and weight-for-age nominations published in yesterday's Calendar are, taken as a whole, of a satisfactory character.

The King is a liberal patron of the principal weight-for-age races.

The Lincolnshire Handicap has received fifty-three subscribers, against fifty-two last year; the City and Suburban sixty-one, against fifty-six; Kempton Park Jubilee Handicap fifty-one, against sixty-three; the Chester Cup forty-nine, against forty-six; the Liverpool Spring Cup twenty-nine, against twenty-eight; and the Great Metropolitan fifty-two, against thirty-nine.

The Kempton race is the only event to show a falling-off, but the decline in numbers is amply atoned for by the excellent quality.

The weights will be issued on January 28. There is racing over country at Plumpton to-day, when the following may win:

Ashurst Novices' Hurdle—Gore's best or Sunny South; Brookside Steeplechase—Little Sister II. or Dam; Hurstpierpoint Selling Hurdle—Sheerness or Gift of Song; Street Handicap Hurdle—Innismakil or Charivari; Southover Selling Steeplechase—Gore's best; Barcombe Steeplechase—Sweet Dixie or Cheiro.

ASCOT GOLD CUP.

(Sun Thursday, June 13.)
Ascot Gold Cup, value 1200 sovs. with 3,000 sovs in specie in addition; second to receive 700 sovs. and the third 300 sovs; added to a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each. Two miles and a half.
Starters: 4 Mr. Rich. Croker's (sealed nom.) Zinfandel 4
4 Mr. J. B. (sealed nom.) Rock Sand 4
4 St. George's (sealed nom.) Mured II 4
4 Grey Tick (sealed nom.) Amer Pion 4
4 Revogivvy (sealed nom.) 2 Baracole 4
4 Bloxham II. (sealed nom.) 4 Harnep 4
4 Kakimono (sealed nom.) 5 Mr. R. H. Hen- (sealed) Singe's (sealed) 4
4 Lord Cadogan's (sealed nom.) Tinto Tasso 4
Panion (sealed nom.) 5 Jean's Eolly 3

CITY AND SUBURBAN HANDICAP.

(Sun Wednesday, April 20.)
City and Suburban Handicap of 2,000 sovs.; second to receive 200 sovs. and the third 100 sovs. About one mile and a quarter.
Starters: 4 Kilgass 4
4 Duke of West- (sealed nom.) 4
4 General Croft 4
4 Piatol 4
4 Niphotes 4
4 Jolybent 4
4 St. George's (sealed nom.) 4
4 Grey Tick (sealed nom.) 4
4 Revogivvy (sealed nom.) 4
4 Bloxham II. (sealed nom.) 4
4 Kakimono (sealed nom.) 4
4 Lord Cadogan's (sealed nom.) 4
Panion (sealed nom.) 4
4 Duke of West- (sealed nom.) 4
4 General Croft 4
4 Piatol 4
4 Niphotes 4
4 Jolybent 4
4 St. George's (sealed nom.) 4
4 Grey Tick (sealed nom.) 4
4 Revogivvy (sealed nom.) 4
4 Bloxham II. (sealed nom.) 4
4 Kakimono (sealed nom.) 4
4 Lord Cadogan's (sealed nom.) 4
Panion (sealed nom.) 4

LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.

(Sun Tuesday, March 22.)
Lincolnshire Handicap of 1,000 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, 10 f. the second to receive 50 sovs and the third 25 sovs out of the stakes. The Straight Mile.
Starters: 4 Kilgass 4
4 Duke of West- (sealed nom.) 4
4 General Croft 4
4 Piatol 4
4 Niphotes 4
4 Jolybent 4
4 St. George's (sealed nom.) 4
4 Grey Tick (sealed nom.) 4
4 Revogivvy (sealed nom.) 4
4 Bloxham II. (sealed nom.) 4
4 Kakimono (sealed nom.) 4
4 Lord Cadogan's (sealed nom.) 4
Panion (sealed nom.) 4
4 Duke of West- (sealed nom.) 4
4 General Croft 4
4 Piatol 4
4 Niphotes 4
4 Jolybent 4
4 St. George's (sealed nom.) 4
4 Grey Tick (sealed nom.) 4
4 Revogivvy (sealed nom.) 4
4 Bloxham II. (sealed nom.) 4
4 Kakimono (sealed nom.) 4
4 Lord Cadogan's (sealed nom.) 4
Panion (sealed nom.) 4

ELOQUENT SCARS.

HOW THE LATE PRINCESS MATHILDE
GOT HER DIVORCE.

HER FUNERAL YESTERDAY.

The funeral service in memory of the late Princess Mathilde was celebrated yesterday morning at the church of St. Gratien, Paris.

Among those present (says Reuter) were the Empress Eugenie, the Princesses Clotilde and Letitia, the Duchess of Aosta, and many well-known Bonapartists, and members of Parisian society. There were also representatives of Prince Victor Napoleon, Prince Von Radolen, the German Ambassador (who sent a wreath on behalf of the Emperor William), and Senhor Souza Roza (the Portuguese Minister).

A characteristic story of the late Princess Mathilde is told by the "Neue Freie Presse."

Her marriage to Count Demidoff was the prologue to many sad and dramatic scenes, in which the Princess always played her part with Napoleonic spirit.

Her husband, of whom she invariably spoke as "le Moscovite," forbade her once to attend a Court ball given in the height of the St. Petersburg season.

"Free Me, Sir."

The autocratic command was issued at the last moment, when the Princess's toilet was prepared, her jewels laid in readiness. Having thus laid down the law, Count Demidoff drove off to the Winter Palace.

A few hours later, just as the Tsar and Tsarina were about to retire from the ball-room, where the presentations had taken place, a magnificently-gowned lady entered, and advanced towards their Majesties.

It was Princess Mathilde, in a wonderful robe of white, silver-embroidered satin, with a diamond crown on her fair hair. The effect of her splendid toilet was subdued by a wide gauze scarf, which completely covered the décolletage. At the Tsar's feet the Princess fell on her knees, and, throwing off the scarf, revealed on her neck and shoulders the purple scars which bore silent testimony to her husband's brutality.

"Sire," she cried, "free me from him who thus misuses me!"

The Tsar granted the request so dramatically made, and always remained a friend to the imperious Princess.

Waiting for an Appetite.

A story of a different kind is told by the "Figaro." The Princess was dining with some intimate friends—M. Gerôme, the great painter, who was to be one of the guests, had not arrived.

The host and hostess had waited for him a long time, when suddenly the Princess cried, "By the way, I've had a note from Gerôme. He is at Cadiz, and has asked me to excuse him."

"Why didn't you say so before, Princess?" was the natural query. "Oh, simply because I wasn't hungry," was the reply.

STEAMER TURNS TURTLE.

Missionary and Twenty-Three Natives
Drowned on the Congo.

A misjudgment in navigation is given as the cause of the sinking of a mission steamer on the Congo, reported by Reuter's Antwerp correspondent.

The steamer was the Lopsley, belonging to the American Presbyterian Congo Mission, and it was on its way from the Upper Congo to Leopoldville, where it was to have embarked for mission work. The boat turned turtle, and a missionary, whose name is not known, and twenty-three natives were drowned.

FIFTY-TWO YEARS ON 'CHANGE.

Nearly the oldest member of the Stock Exchange was Mr. John Marnham, who had been in the "House" since 1851. His will has just been proved for £306,900, and he bequeathes £3,000 each to the London City Mission and the Baptist Missionary Society.

DEPRESSING UNCERTAINTY IN THE CITY.

The nervousness of markets, so far from getting alleviated, only becomes more accentuated as the days roll on, and there is no definite news from the Far East. An actual declaration of war would probably have less of an effect than the constant crumbling away of prices due to the uncertainty of what is going to be the next move on the part of Russia and Japan. Though a further break took place in the quotation of the London and Japanese bonds, the Stock Exchange as a whole held together rather better than yesterday, there being less pressure and anxiety to sell.

One satisfactory point is that the account open for the rise in the different sections of the "House" must have been considerably reduced during the liquidation of the past few weeks, and in its place a good-sized "bear" account has been built up, which should be of great assistance in bringing about a rally even if it was should unfortunately be delayed.

Consols fell at one time to 86½ for money, but recovered to 87½. Japanese bonds had a further sharp fall to start with, but recovered a portion of the decline later, as did Russian bonds on the absence of any fresh disquieting news.

Home Rails were dull, but except in the case of the Southern passenger stocks the declines were not serious. North-Eastern and North British were flat at one time, fearing a crisis in the engineering trade, owing to the attempt to reduce wages.

American Rails were firmer than yesterday, due to "bear" repurchases. South African shares opened rather better after yesterday's fall, then gave way when the drop in Consols came, but a sharp rally took place before the close, and most of the active shares finished better on the day. West Africans and West Australians mostly closed lower on the day.

GOLD THAT'S NOT GOLD.

Mr. Chamberlain on Cheap and Nasty Jewellery.

The tendency towards cheap jewellery, brought to public notice by the case against Messrs. Swan and Edgar, has increased to an alarming extent lately, and the "legitimate" trade is roused.

Mr. G. H. Streeter, the well-known Bond-street jeweller, who is the head and front of the opposition, explained to a *Daily Mirror* representative yesterday that he himself initiated the action against Messrs. Swan and Edgar for selling as "9-carat" brooches articles that were not gold.

"I had seen," he said, "an advertisement stating that 9-carat gold brooches were to be had for 5s. Now, I knew that the very least such a brooch could be sold for at a profit was 7s. 6d., and accordingly I sent for one. It turned out, on being assayed, to be of 24-carat gold, or, in reality, not gold, its value being about 1s. 6d. We should never dream of selling as 9-carat gold an article which did not at least assay at 84-carat, the balance being allowed for solder."

"But my contention," he continued, "is that nothing should be described and sold as gold which is not of 12-carat quality. Below this I do not call an article gold at all, seeing that it is less than half gold."

In this connection it is interesting to remember that some thirty years ago Mr. Streeter was chiefly instrumental in raising the general standard for gold articles to the classic "18-carat." The standard was formerly 12-carat or 14-carat. At the same time, Mr. Streeter urged upon the Government to pass a Bill making it unlawful to describe as gold anything below 12-carat. If this had been done it would have effectually prevented the tremendous importation during recent years of what Mr. Chamberlain described to Mr. Streeter as "cheap and nasty goods."

Mr. Chamberlain's Advice.

"For," said Mr. Streeter, "after I discovered what incalculable harm was being done to the legitimate trade by this stuff, I wrote to Mr. Chamberlain quoting it as an instance of the effect upon English trade of this class of foreign rubbish, which is largely imported from Austria. Mr. Chamberlain replied advising me what steps I should take. 'Cheap and nasty' were the words he used, and they fitly describe this class of goods."

There is another branch of the cheap jewellery very strongly denounced by Mr. Streeter as "false gold."

"The stuff called 'rolled gold' and 'gold filled,'" he declared, indignantly, "I call nothing but false gold. It is base metal, with the thinnest skin of gold rolled over it. It is a sham. A poor person frequently buys her brooches for investment as well as ornament. She thinks she is buying something on which, at a pinch, she can raise money. Heaven knows she pays enough in the first place for it. And when she takes it to the pawnbroker he, naturally, will have nothing to do with it. But I have not finished with the matter yet."

The Goldsmiths' Hall officials are practically powerless when it is not a case of falsely using hall-marks, but Mr. Streeter hopes that endeavours which he and others are making will soon bring about a much-desired reform.

LOVE AND MILITARISM.

How Etiquette Spoiled a Sentimental Walk.

"Inciting soldiers against an officer" is the crime for which a young girl has just been tried at Potsdam.

The circumstances are singular.

One Sunday last year the girl was walking with her sweetheart, a soldier, when she met a young cadet named Von Treuenfeld. The latter stopped the soldier on the ground that he had not saluted him.

The soldier and the girl maintained that the salute had been given, whereupon the cadet ordered the man to follow him to barracks. Upon this the girl called to a number of Artillerymen, bidding them not to allow such a young officer to arrest an honest man.

The soldier, who followed the cadet as ordered, was sentenced to five months' imprisonment in a fortress.

The charge against the girl (says Reuter) was dismissed, but she was fined thirty marks for insulting the cadet.

THE LAST SENTENCE.

"You are signing my death warrant—you know you are," and the prisoner wept bitterly.

He was an old man named William Henderson, and he stood in the dock at the West Kent Quarter Sessions, Maidstone, where he had just pleaded guilty to stealing a silver watch and other jewellery from a private house at Bromley.

He had been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

Most of his old man's life had been spent in prison or in asylums. He had been treated mercifully and harshly. He said that he had often starved. He went out to his last term weeping bitterly.

THE FAT BOY'S FAME DISCOUNTED.

Johnnie Trundle, the Fat Boy of Peckham, has been treated very unkindly by the "Lancet," for that journal has taken the trouble to prove that he "cuts" no record in respect of size.

For instance, the "Encyclopedia Britannica" mentions a girl who at four years of age weighed over eighteen stone. In "Cursory Remarks on Corpulency," by William Wadd, surgeon, published in 1816, the death is recorded of "the surprising Worcestershire girl" who at five years of age was four feet in height, and weighed nearly sixteen stone. The same authority also mentions a seven-year-old boy in Paris who weighed fifteen stone ten pounds.

HAWKER'S UNNECESSARY PROTEST.

One of the company of street hawkers ejected from Ludgate-hill at the beginning of Christmas week has smashed the windows of a Fleet-street jeweller's shop as a protest against the authorities' action. For this he is sentenced to seven days' hard labour by the Lord Mayor yesterday.

His complaint that he had been forced to tramp the streets penniless was not accepted as an adequate defence, since the police said that since Christmas, the exceptionally heavy traffic being over, the hawkers had been permitted to re-occupy their accustomed stations on Ludgate-hill.

promptly tried to the authorities, you find yourself after a few days' delay unexpectedly confronted with two gorgeous beings in cocked hats.

They put you through a catechism of exhaustively irritating futility, one of the two meanwhile taking down the conversation with an amount of inaccuracy with regard to names, places, and hours which, when at a later stage you are confronted with what purports to be your own statement, fills you with dismayed wonder at your untruthfulness.

They demand a sight of the trunks wherein your lost treasures were deposited, and an accurate description of the shape, size, and exact monetary value of each individual article.

They rouse the hotel-keeper into white-hot indignation against you by putting searching questions of a subtly offensive character to that dignitary, and regarding him with looks of the deepest suspicion while listening to his replies.

Then they depart, leaving you in a state of agonised repentance at having ever mentioned your loss to any human being.

Catechism in Court.

Weeks pass. You have grovelled before the landlord, who has at length graciously restored you to favour; you have tipped the waiters and chambermaids into ceasing to regard you as an enemy of your kind; when, lo! your peace is suddenly destroyed by the receipt of a missive addressing you by various previously unheard-of names and titles, and threatening you with grievous pains and penalties unless you forthwith present yourself at the outlandish hour of fifteen and a half o'clock before the tribunal of justice.

There, before a judge who might sit for a portrait of Dante; a pleasant, courteous gentleman who acts as interpreter and is hopelessly floored in the first five minutes by the intricacies of our barbarous language; and a clerk who grins with an expression of extreme enjoyment of your misfortunes, you are once more put through a catechism.

Your previous statements are read over to you, and you learn to your bewilderment that you have declared London to be your birthplace when that honour rightfully belongs to

PLANTS SENT TO SLEEP.

After "Resting" Under the Influence of Ether, Flowers Bloom More Quickly.

Apparently the subtle condition of matter which we call life is capable of being modified by ether and chloroform in whatever form it appears.

The kindly vapour that saves the human animal from the torture of the operating table is also capable of suspending animation in the delicate flower, and, according to the "Lancet," has some remarkable after-results.

An unblown lily is taken and subjected to the vapour of ether for about forty-eight hours. No external change is noted, but presently, when the flower is taken to a hothouse, its buds begin to expand rapidly. The awakened sap rushes through its vessels. The "rest" has a wonderful effect, and the flower ultimately reaches its full glory twelve days sooner than its fellows who have not been given the "sleep," which, alas, shortens its life in the end.

The owner of the plant, however, can put his blooms on the market sooner, obtaining the better prices prevalent before the rush of the season commences.

AN OVERHEATED ARGUMENT.

Temperature has a lot to answer for, and when it happens to be the temperature of one of the rooms in a boarding house it incurs a very great responsibility, as the case given below clearly shows.

Mr. E. G. Hindson, a gentleman residing at a boarding house at Stanhope-gardens, Kensington, was, at West London Court, summoned for assaulting Captain Martin, a boarder in the same house.

Mr. Weekes, who supported the summons, said the captain was willing to accept an apology, though the case was aggravated by the fact that on a former occasion the defendant committed a similar assault and then apologised. The assault was quite unprovoked.

Mr. Hindson said something about the captain "insisting on keeping the room so unutterably hot that he (defendant) couldn't stand it."

In the end the defendant proffered an apology and paid a guinea costs.

POVERTY'S NINE-YEAR-OLD THIEF.

The story of George Usher, a boy nine years of age, who was charged at Tottenham yesterday with stealing from a meat sale, is a particularly pathetic one, and the magistrate on hearing it discharged him from custody.

His father has gone away into the country to search for work. George came home at dinner-time on Wednesday, and found his mother crying. There was nothing in the house for any of them to eat—the family is composed of the boy, his mother, and his five little sisters. So, without saying anything to his mother, George went out and stole four pounds of meat, a bag of flour, and a loaf. He was captured, however.

The owner of the stolen property told the magistrate yesterday that she had now learnt of the family's poverty and wished to withdraw the charge.

FIGHT IN THE TRAIN.

Man Brutally Assaulted on the North London Railway.

The City men who daily alight at Broad-street, there to disperse and lose themselves amid sample collections, Stock Exchange prices, and ledgers, must have learnt with no common consternation that in the small hours of yesterday morning a first-class carriage on the familiar route was the scene of what is said to have been a murderous and terrible assault upon a harmless passenger.

Well after midnight a train steamed into Broad-street Station, the N.L.R. terminus, and from the carriage in question emerged a man battered about the head and streaming with blood from several ghastly wounds. He staggered to a seat, and when help came to him said he had been attacked in the train by a man who had jumped out on to the line.

He was removed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he gave his name as Harry D'Urban Freeth, and stated that he was a commercial traveller, aged 45, of Bedford Park, Croydon.

The compartment in which he had travelled was blood-stained and full of broken glass, and bore every token of a severe and desperate struggle.

At the hospital it was found that one of his ears was all but severed, necessitating an immediate operation, and it was said that the battering he had received was so complete that it would be three weeks before he could leave his bed.

A Second Man.

Almost simultaneously with this first discovery a signalman between Dalston and Broad-street was roused in his box by a second man, also suffering from severe injuries. This fellow recounted that he had been very drunk, in which condition he had been when he fell out of the train. He was so badly injured that the inspector and constable who had been summoned decided to despatch him also to St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Naturally this double arrival of cases connected with the railway aroused some comment, and Inspector Pepper at once charged the second man with attempted murder and robbery.

He was brought up at Worship-street Police Court later in the day, when he described himself as Walter Albert, twenty-two years old, and a seaman by trade.

The signalman told his story, and the doctor who had ordered his removal to hospital recounted how Albert had said "I was assaulted by a man in the train—by a man with a sandy moustache."

The prisoner admitted the possession of a piece of lead attached to a string, and a revolver and cartridges that had been picked up on the permanent way. When these articles were shown to him, he wanted to know whether any money had been found as well. The answer was "sevenpence in bronze." A gold watch-chain, too, had been recovered. The prisoner was remanded.

An illustrated lecture on Australia as a food producer in London next Tuesday is to be preceded by a dinner—as the illustration?

Where Justice is Blindfold.

IF YOU ARE GOING TO WINTER IN ITALY BEWARE OF TRAIN THIEVES.

To go about with one's valuables attached to one's person like barnacles is, to put it in the mildest form, a most consummate nuisance; but this seems to be the only method whereby, in fair and fruitful Italy, one may reasonably count upon arriving at a destination still the happy possessor of one's own property.

The Englishwoman in her native, beloved, and much-grumbled-at country puts her spare cash, laces, and trinket-cases into an ordinary trunk, and with just such confidence in the bland and bearded guard, sees it disappear into the recesses of the luggage-van to emerge intact at the end of no matter how long a journey.

That Englishwoman receives a severe shock when, after a few hours' travelling on an Italian railway, she unlocks her boxes only to find that in some mysterious manner everything of value has been spirited out of them.

To set in motion the complicated machinery of the law is, even in one's own country, a serious matter, entailing generally an amount of inconvenience which causes many people to shirk the responsibility thereof; like the oft-quoted stone, you may start it from the top of the hill of your indignation, but find your best endeavours inadequate to stop its progress when once it is started.

Cats in Cocked Hats.

But in Italy, where even the ordinary policeman appears garbed like a general officer on a field day, the majesty of the law is indeed awe-inspiring, and the unhappy wight who rashly ventures into the labyrinthine mazes of its processes generally has cause to bitterly regret that *premier pas qui coûte*.

If on the discovery of your loss you have

York; that you have announced yourself to be the daughter of Sebastiano when your father's name was John; you find that you have lost unrecognisable jewels described—by you—as "the light of the moon," and that your caruncles have turned into rubies.

The Only Safeguard.

When in dismay and bad Italian you protest that a caruncle is like a ruby, but is not that particular gem, the interpreter smiles amiably his comprehension of your meaning, and blandly directs the clerk to describe your lost property as an imitation of the genuine article.

There the matter rests, so far as any restitution of the stolen goods or discovery of the thief is concerned; but now begins a harassment of the surroundings of the despoiled one; a summoning of landlord and chambermaids, an inquiry into the morals of hotel porters and omnibus drivers, until, in a cloud of general ill-odour and disfavour, the victim, in desperation, packs what is left of her property and inconspicuously takes flight.

It is—as the lady remarked when she wished to make a Latin quotation—"experience which does it;" the only way whereby the ordinary traveller can convey her jewels in safety through the "land of the cypress and myrtle" is to make for herself a series of chamois leather pouches attached to a long strip of the same material, put her ornaments into them and carry them night and day about her person.

THIEF AS "HEAVY FATHER."

MISS ADELINE SERGEANT RETURNS TO THE SENSATIONAL STORY.

THE YELLOW DIAMOND. By Adeline Sergeant. (Methuen. 6s.)

Though, if we remember rightly, Miss Adeline Sergeant began, as a novelist, with psychology, sensation is now the field in which she shines to far better advantage—as is usually the case with people who write rapidly

and much. Only a very few months have passed since her last psychological effort, "The Enthusiast," which was, one must confess, a very unconvincing and shallow affair. She now gives to the world, in "The Yellow Diamond," a story of crime and love upon the old familiar lines. It proves at least exciting if it is in no way "precious."

We are, first of all, dramatically informed of the theft of a wonderful and priceless diamond twenty years before the real story opens. In this theft the father of the heroine and the father of her lover were both implicated in the long ago. Miss Sergeant's opportunity is henceforward obvious, and the fact that the diamond itself is by this time missing lends the story an appeal to curiosity which few authors could fail to turn to a startling purpose.

The Lady With the Gloves.

Miss Sergeant, as may be expected, develops her theme with very great dexterity in deed. She can not only write a scene of frenzy with the best, but is a very sure mistress in the technique of what one might describe as "fictional" crime.

One may add that this is not quite like real crime, but the only difference is that it is a good deal more interesting. For instance, Miss Sergeant describes incidentally the method of picking pockets that may or may not have decorated the police reports. We fancy it has not. It teaches people who travel in omnibuses to avoid being next to modest-looking ladies who sit demurely with their gloved hands in their laps.

It is possible, Miss Sergeant suggests, that these hands are not the lady's hands at all, but model ones, and that the lady's real hands are cruising around in search of her neighbour's purse. At any rate, that was so with the lady in Miss Sergeant's story.

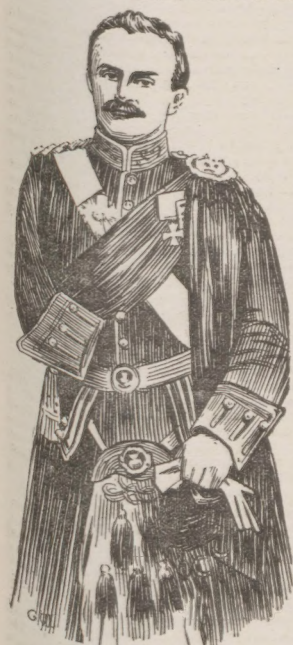
The Board of Trade returns for December 1903, issued yesterday, show that the exports for the month amounted to £24,012,566, as compared with £24,208,533 for the corresponding month of the previous year. The imports reached £53,919,618, as against £48,170,628 for the same period of 1902.



THE SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their daughters, Princesses Margaret and Patricia, and possibly their son Prince Arthur, will be returning home from South Africa, part in the Court festivities. Both the Duke and Duchess (the latter is a daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia) are popular in Berlin, and their daughters should be much admired. Princess Margaret is very fresh-looking, has a sweet expression, and converses delightfully, while Princess Patricia, who has not yet attended a Court at Buckingham Palace, and will not be eighteen until March 17, is decidedly attractive, and the tallest of all our Princesses. In England these charming girls have no opportunity of meeting eligible princes, but in Berlin there are not only the sons of the Kaiser, but the handsome young Princes of Brunswick, sons of Prince Albrecht, and a host of minor princes.

A military wedding always attracts a great many people to the church, especially when a V.C. man is the bridegroom, and some disappointment was felt that none of the Gordon Highlanders were in evidence yesterday at St. Jude's Church, Kensington, when Captain Meiklejohn was married to Miss Vera Mar-



Captain M. F. M. MEIKLEJOHN, V.C.

shall. Nevertheless, it was a very pretty ceremony, the church made gay with flowers, and St. Jude's is famed. But the prettiest part of the whole was the bridal procession up in a lovely white embroidered gown with long soft satin and lace train carried by two tiny page boys in white Court suits. Then came the two bridesmaids, whose pale blue cloth frocks and hats to match trimmed with trails of ivy leaves gave a finishing note of colour.

There were many people there eager to congratulate bride and bridegroom as they came down the aisle afterwards, for both are very popular. The former, it will be remembered, was one of the last men to receive his V.C. from Queen Victoria's own hands, and it was never more deserved or more nobly won. A hero of Dargai who was recommended for the Victoria Cross, Captain Meiklejohn won his at the battle of Elandslaagte. The central of the Gordon Highlanders about to assault and having lost their leaders, began to waver. Captain Meiklejohn rushed to the front and rallied the men, but fell wounded in four places, and with his right arm shattered.

The Duchess of Devonshire, even in her youth, was remarkable for that tact and consideration for others which makes her name a household word in many a humble home near Chaworth. A mere girl when she married her first husband (then Lord Mandeville), she later-in-law's Irish residence, and shortly after her arrival asked the rector's wife, Mrs. O'Sullivan, if she would take her to see any sick or poor people in the parish. On the day arranged the Duchess, who was exceedingly beautiful, drove up to the rectory with two large baskets, which contained

dainties and nourishment suitable for sick people. They were rather heavy, and when Mrs. O'Sullivan found her visitor intended taking them herself as they went their rounds, she suggested bringing a servant to carry them. The Duchess, however, promptly declined the offer, saying she wanted to go amongst the people as a friend, and that her visit would convey quite a different impression and savour of patronage if her little gifts were brought by a servant; but if Mrs. O'Sullivan did not mind taking one of the baskets until the one she (the Duchess) carried was lighter it would certainly be a help. Very soon the Duchess became a great favourite in Tanderagee, and to this day her beauty, her winning manner, and her kindly acts are topics of discussion there.

A very particular favourite of the Queen's is Mrs. William James, now among the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire's guests, and a sister of Sir Charles Forbes, of Newe. West Dean Park, Mr. James's place, was one of the few houses the Queen stayed at when Princess of Wales, as she did not accompany the King when he visited his untitled friends. Mrs. James's ready wit and repartee make her a delightful companion, and when staying at Sandringham she has often been summoned to either breakfast or afternoon tea in the Queen's private boudoir. She dances, too, very well, and her greatest success as an actress perhaps is her rendering of the part of Polly Eccles in "Caste."

Lord Dysart, who gives a ball to-night at Buckminster Park, his place near Grantham, is an interesting if somewhat original member of the peerage. He is devoted to music, and encourages musical talent among his servants and tenants, for whom he actually provides pianos and other musical instruments. Besides Buckminster he owns Ham House, Petersham, with its wonderful art treasures, and there he offered a site for the erection of a music theatre to be built on the Bayreuth model. He holds strong views on the question of evening dress, and when he goes to the opera, takes a place in the part of the house where evening dress is not obligatory. On the other hand, when at home, he is punctilious in the matter of costume, and often wears the picturesque knee-breeches of olden days. Music is not Lord Dysart's only hobby, for he is also an amateur chemist and a fervent homeopathist, always willing to dispense advice and pills to friends, neighbours, and dependants.

Lord Brackley, the eldest son of Lord and Lady Ellesmere, is just off on an expedition to Albania. His many and varied travels have been chiefly in Africa, where he has not only done a great deal of big game hunting, but served for two years in the South African war. Typically English in appearance, tall, sturdy, and muscular, he completely gave the lie to a statement made by an American who said that all English officers were effeminate, and quoted Lord Brackley as an example. This critic, on being introduced, said that if he was drawing Hercules, he would like Lord Brackley's leg as a model, and added that "he would sooner be helped down the step by a circus camel than his lordship's bootmaker."

The fashion of having only child attendants at weddings is apparently becoming very

popular. Three London brides within the past week have elected to dispense with grown-up bridesmaids. The third of the trio was Miss Charlotte Bankes, whose marriage with Captain John Rutledge took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, yesterday afternoon. Her two fair-haired girl attendants were prettily dressed in white chiffon gowns with high-pointed pale blue belts, and white picture hats of drawn chiffon with pale blue feathers. The small page, in white satin with pale blue vest, was a manly little fellow, who carried out his rôle of train-bearer exceedingly well.

Though only of medium height, Miss Bankes made a dignified bride, and looked a very attractive one, as she moved slowly

clamour loudly for the delights of the pantomime. And matinee hats and pantomime do not go well together, as everyone knows who has had the misfortune to sit behind them. Still, there is nothing new under the sun, and even the matinee hat in its present vogue is relatively no bigger than a toque when compared with the hats which women affected in the earlier years of last century.

What they were like is here made plain for everyone to see. And it is no good arguing that they were not worn at the theatre, for the illustration represents the ladies seated in a box at the Haymarket. One might, however, search in vain for a similar sight at Messrs. Harrison and Maude's popular theatre, even with its most fashionable and matinee



A matinee hat of the last century.

(From an old print.)

up the aisle to where her bridegroom, a magnificent specimen of soldierly manhood, awaited her. Her gown of white satin, draped with rich lace, had a long Court train. Her pretty hair looked, indeed, "a crown of glory," showing through her veil of finest net. No matter how much alike weddings may be, each has its distinguishing feature. In this instance the most noticeable point was perhaps the height of the bridegroom, who easily takes rank as the tallest man married during the winter.

Many wails and lamentations have again recently been heard on the subject of the matinee hat, and many protests, both loud and vain, on the iniquity of the women who persist in wearing them, especially at what may be called the children's season, for the little ones are home for the holidays and

hatted audience on a Wednesday or Saturday afternoon. And in the matter of gigantic hats it is not recorded that in a play of the period the fascinating Nell Gwynn appeared on the stage wearing a hat a yard in diameter—a "sweet little thing" which might not inaptly be compared with that worn by the lady we reproduce in walking costume, who belongs to the same period as those in the theatre box.

The first meeting this year of the "Society of the Immortals" will take place at Mrs. Jopling's School of Art, 3, Logan-place, on Friday, January 15, at 8.45 p.m. Lecture by Windsor Fry on: "The Immortal Painters of the Fourteenth Century." A lecture is given every month as a help to a better knowledge or appreciation of a well-known artist or author no longer living.



THE TROUBLES OF OUR GRANDFATHERS.
Stage-obliterating hats worn at the play one hundred years ago.

(From an old print.)

Showy Accomplishments.

Rejoice, ye horses, dogs, and cats,
Ye donkeys, sheep, cows, hogs, and rats;
For now you're à la mode, and that's
H. H.

AT THE MERCY OF STEAM.

THE MEN WHO WORK IN THE STOKE-HOLE.

No more terrible example could possibly be had of the dangers to which the stokers and engine hands of our men-of-war are constantly exposed than the disaster on board the Wallaroo, news of which reached London yesterday morning.

The Wallaroo, a twin-screw cruiser of the third class, which has been protecting our floating trade in Australasian waters, was on her way to Hobart when the explosion occurred.

No one who has been down in the stoke-hole of a cruiser can fail to appreciate the hardships endured by the men who work during the long hours to feed the huge furnaces with the gaping mouths bellowing smoke and flame.

The Steel Inferno.

Go through the engine-room and hear the mighty pistons throbbing and groaning till you cannot hear yourself speak. Go hand over hand, gingerly planting every step, down the narrow, slippery iron ladder which is the only entrance to the raging inferno, a dozen feet below the engines, and see the brave fellows working there, girded at the waist and with their chests and arms bare. Inhale for a few moments, if you are able, the thick haze of smoke and coal dust, which seems to fill your very lungs till breathing is impossible, and which adds intensity to a heat already nigh to suffocating.

What chance have the men of their lives if the steam envelops them?

They are penned up in their little hatches like rats in a trap, and if a boiler bursts they will be scalded to death long before there is time to climb the narrow stair to the engine-room, where by then the scalding steam is as bad as it was below, and so up to the deck and safety.

Yet they never think of danger, these men

working away in the heat. They are shut far away from the light of day in the gloomy stoke-hole, only illuminated by the glare of the fires, whose roar is in their ears, and with a smile or a laugh they shovel load after load into the open jaws of the furnaces.

Killed Instantly.

Even now it is only a matter of hours since the poor fellows—many of whom are dead, and many more terribly injured—were cheerily doing their duty with never a thought of danger. Probably, when the shock came, those in the stoke-hole itself would be killed instantly, or at any rate rendered mercifully unconscious.

"Fancy doing your work," says Mr. Rudyard Kipling in "A Fleet in Being," "with an eight-inch steam-pipe in the nape of your neck, an' a dynamo buzzin' up your back, an' the whole blessed shoot wizzin' round in the pit of your stomach! Then we jump about and curse if they don't give us enough steam. I swear I think they're no end good men in the engine-room."

PIUS X., ICONOCLAST.

CRUSADE AGAINST THEATRICAL MUSIC AND INARTISTIC DECORATIONS.

His Holiness Pope Pius X. seems to hold by the new broom policy. The music of the Church has already received his fatherly attention, and now, if the hopes of the Marchese Crispolti and his connoisseur friends are realised, the question of art in the Church is to receive his consideration.

Superfluous Draperies.

Superfluous draperies which destroy the pure lines of pillar and arch, and pictures and statues whose claim to admiration lies exclusively in their subject and in nowise in the treatment thereof, are the windmills against which these aesthetic knights are tilting.

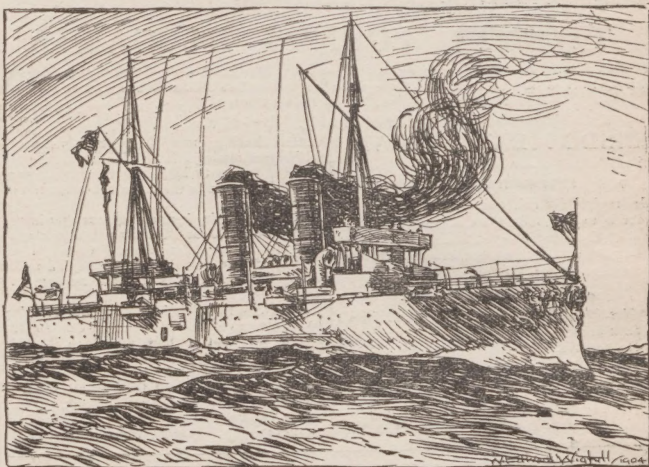
They hope to move his Holiness to official support of their crusade against the whole-

sale marring of beautiful buildings by unworthy and disturbing decorations.

The tourist and the globe-trotting lover of art will mentally pray for the success of these earnest reformers, but the people, always devoted to the old familiar order in all that

fessor Mantegazza, whose fame as a physiologist has filled Florence and overflowed to all parts of the Continent.

The aged savant thinks that the theme of the eternal woman has not yet been exhausted, and is at work on a book which is to treat of



THE ILL-FATED WALLAROO, On which the terrible boiler explosion took place yesterday.

touches their religion, will, one fears, scarcely bless the hands that tear down their cherished symbols, even if they replace them by the finest examples from the studios of modern painters and sculptors.

DISSECTING LOVELY WOMAN.

A PROFESSOR WILL DO THE DREADFUL DEED IN PONDEROUS VOLUMES.

Lovely woman is again to be vivisected by a masculine pen. This time the scalpel is to be wielded by the experienced hand of Pro-

the subject in a thorough and scientific manner.

Woman in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries will be the scope of the colossal undertaking, which is to comprise an exact and careful study of the type "Woman." In a series of kaleidoscopic pictures the author will show the inner and outer sides of a woman's life, with its joys and sorrows, its heroic virtues and little weaknesses.

Every class will come under the professor's microscope, from the royal princess, who walks in marble halls with the shadow of a crown in her hair, down to the fishwife, worn and aged before her time in the effort to keep the wolf from the door, and the poor outcast whose home is the street, with misery for the landlady and death for her only friend.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

REVIVED GLORIES OF BOOK ILLUSTRATION.

BRACEBRIDGE HALL. By Washington Irving. OLD CHRISTMAS. By Washington Irving. The "Pocket Classics" edition. (Macmillan and Company, 2s. 6d.)

Macmillan and Company's reprints of Washington Irving in their "Pocket Classics" take us back to the golden age of book illustration, when, in spite of the dominant existence of Millais, Sandys, and Walker, another group of young artists struck boldly out for themselves, and found a footing from which no later illustrator has been able to displace them.

"M. E. E." and Kate Greenaway, Walter Crane and Randolph Caldecott, may be described as having opened a new class in the school their predecessors founded, and Caldecott's illustrations to the "Bracebridge Hall" and "Old Christmas" now before us are examples of the method by which it excelled.

These little books, beautifully bound and printed, are worth a place upon the bookshelf, even though it already hold the complete edition of Irving's works. "Bracebridge Hall" was condensed in the 1877 edition, which has been exactly reproduced.

The sympathy that exists between the sketches and the text shows how greatly the peculiar excellence of a master's style—in this case the leisurely charm and feeling of the "Sketch Book"—may be accentuated by a skilful pencil.

It should be noted, too, how admirably Caldecott subordinated himself to the spirit of the author; and how, nevertheless, his own rare talent found room for ample expression.

These reprints should be a joy to the booklover, and their moderate price brings them within the reach of all.

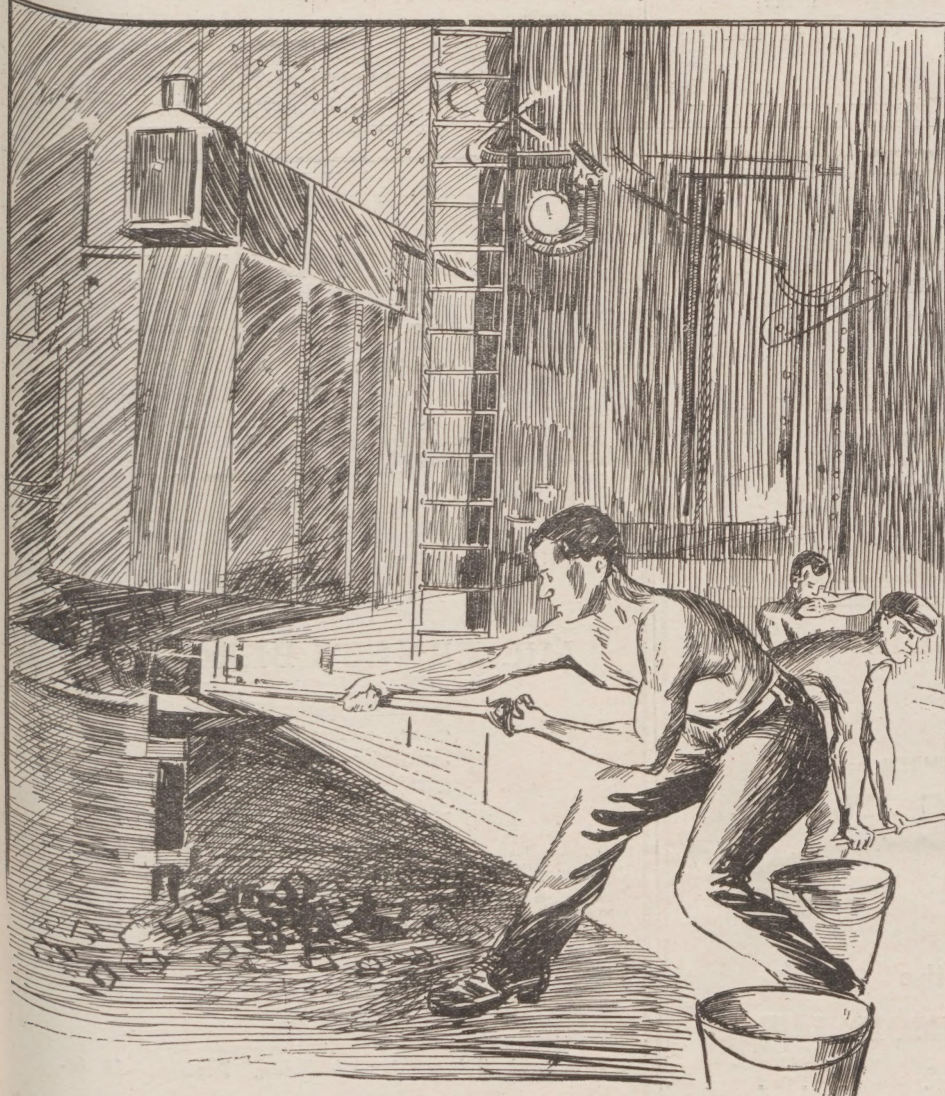
CONTROVERSIAL WOOD-CHOPPER.

Down in one of the meanest of mean streets, bordering on the south side of the Thames, a *Daily Mirror* representative yesterday found a remarkable man who earns his living by chopping wood and amuses himself by writing letters to the "Times" and other papers in support of Mr. Chamberlain's policy.

Mrs. Wisden was ironing a suit of clothes she had just sewn for a tailor, while her talented lord, fresh from chopping a basketful of firewood, explained that he had for twenty years been a tariff reformer. He has also taken a keen interest in the Holborn-to-Strand improvement, and, thanks to an agitation which he fathered, the L.C.C. have doubled the working men's dwellings which they proposed to put on the old sites in Clare Market.

He is a strong Conservative, and, with voice and pen, has sturdily advocated that cause at various London elections.

Mr. Wisden, who left school when he was eight, and is the son of an Irish editor, believes that his protégé Mr. Chamberlain will win.



THE STOKEHOLE OF A CRUISER.

In the event of an explosion such as that which took place on the Wallaroo, the men who are not instantly killed can only get out of the scalding steam by climbing the small steel ladder shown in the illustration.

COME IN AND WIN
THE FIFTY PRIZES WE ARE OFFERING.

EXPERTS SAY THE QUESTIONS ARE TOO EASY.

TWENTY POUNDS IN CASH,

and Ten Handsome "Portland" Bridge Cases, in Morocco, with Solid Silver Mounts. Each Case is of the value of One Guinea, and contains Two Packs of Cards, Two Bridge-Markers, with Pencils, and Pocket Guide to Bridge.

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

PROGRESSIVE BRIDGE.

In reply to "Frimousse," we regret our space is too limited for an adequate description of the above; but an article by Mrs. Ernest Bergholt will be found in the "Queen" of October 24 last.

AN ULTIMATUM.

"Mrs. D— begs to differ from the Editor's remark in last Saturday's *Daily Mirror*: that, in Coupon No. 12 of the Tournament, YZ can make 11 tricks. They cannot possibly make more than *ten* tricks, if A and B defend properly."

It is truly kind of our readers to take so much trouble to convict us of error. The

matter having now been authoritatively settled and made perfectly clear to all, it only remains for us to apologise for having supposed that we knew the correct solution to our own problem.

Yet, here again, it would appear that in the multitude of counsellors there is not always wisdom—for does not "Amgo" write: "I see by your notice that, in Coupon 12, YZ make eleven tricks, and I can also now see how it is done?"

And N. G. B. writes from Northwood: "May I venture to congratulate you on Coupon 12? I thought that I had all three Double Dummies correct, and was much surprised to read that YZ could take eleven. On working it out again, however, I find my error. It is a very cleverly devised hand, I think. . . . These Double Dummy hands are interesting, as there is *no disputing the results*"—(That

WEEKLY COMPETITION 4.—COUPON No. 1.

Diagram of a bridge table with North, West, East, and South positions. Cards are dealt to each position. Below the table is a list of cards: ♠ A, ♥ K, ♦ Q, ♣ 10.

IN THIS COUPON

hands are trumps, and South has the lead. Write down on the following form what you consider to be the correct play of the five tricks, taking full advantage of the known position of the cards. Underline the winning card of each trick.

Trick	SOUTH.	WEST.	NORTH.	EAST.
1.				
2.				
3.				
4.				
5.				

RESULT:

NS. win tricks.
EW. win tricks.

Name.....

Address.....

WEEKLY COMPETITION 4.—COUPON No. 2.

What would you do as Dealer, holding the three following hands at the specified scores? You may either declare or leave it:—

Three hands of cards are shown for each of five questions. Each hand is a 13-card deal. The questions are: 1. At love all. 2. At love all. 3. At 18 to 12, in your favour. 4. At love all. 5. At love all. 6. At love scored by you, against 1 game and 28. Assume the first game of the rubber, if nothing is said to the contrary.

may be how it appears at Northwood: in Carmelite-street things look different.—ED.—"and I hope you will give some more of them."

INSTRUCTIONS AND RULES.

When you have filled in your replies to the above two coupons, and have written your full name and address in the spaces provided at foot of Coupon No. 1, cut out the coupons and enclose them with Postal Order for One Shilling (crossed Barclay and Co.) to the "Bridge Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C.," in an envelope legibly marked above the address: WEEKLY BRIDGE COMPETITION No. 4. On a separate sheet of paper, pinned to the coupons, and also signed with your full name, you may add any notes

you may think desirable, but such notes are not obligatory. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover.

For the replies received the Bridge Editor will award marks, according to merit, and his decision as to degree of merit shall be final. The Ten Bridge Cases will be given to the ten competitors scoring the highest number of marks, and the forty competitors coming next in order of merit will each receive Half a Sovereign in Cash.

N.B.—All solutions must be posted so as to reach the office of the *Daily Mirror* not later than by the first post on the morning of Monday, January 11th.

Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or their solutions will be disqualified.

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The Dogs' Beauty Doctor.



A FASHIONABLE PET'S BOUDOIR.

The world understands the process whereby on men and women ornamental surgery removes wrinkles, straightens crooked noses, and sets close to the head ears that stick out. It has rarely heard of the processes whereby on dogs a straight tail that should be otherwise receives the requisite curls and twists, whereby a King Charles spaniel's nose that is too long and pendulous is shortened and turned up, whereby a straight coat is made permanently curly, whereby marks of every description are permanently added to or permanently subtracted from dogs at will.

Increased Value.

In every city it is easy to find these sculptors of living canine flesh. The men are, as a rule, dog breeders. They have kennels, more or less extensive, where they rear blooded and costly stock. And, necessarily, an important branch of their work is this artificial improving of their dogs. For often by a little surgical manipulation of a puppy they are able to increase its value 200 or 300 per cent. They are willing to work on other men's dogs as well as on their own. Here is a list of their principal operations, together with their average fees.

Altering shape of nose	22 0
Altering straight tails kinky or curly	21 0
Removing tail's thickness	21 0
Removing or adding marks	21 0
Changing erect ears to drooping and vice	21 0
Changing colour of coat	21 0
Making a straight coat curly	21 10
Putting bull-dog's forelegs	25 0
Picking superfluous hair, per hour	20 5
Wrinkling bull-dog's face	24 0

In these prices board and nursing are not included, though the after-treatment of a dog that has been operated on requires him to remain in hospital sometimes for several months. His board, under these circumstances, costs 8s. a week, and there is an extra charge of 2s. a week for medicines.

The Boudoir of Beauty.

On the outskirts of Philadelphia, U.S.A., a dog breeder conducts a canine beauty boudoir. The place is an interesting one to visit. It stands, a long, low building of wood, in a huge field that an 8ft. fence of barbed wire surrounds. To enter, it is necessary to ring an electric bell at the gateway. Thereupon the breeder, or one of his helpers, responds, but he does not admit the visitor till he has assured himself of the purport of the visit.

Comfortable Surroundings.

The beauty boudoir is not so sumptuous as those wherein women are massaged and manured and electrically rejuvenated. The building is of one storey, well lighted, clean, and dry. A passage runs down the middle, and on either side of the passage are roomy stalls, with doors of wire lattice-work. Through this lattice-work the inmates of the stalls may be seen.

A Dog's Nose Machine.

Here is a bulldog with both forelegs bandaged from foot to shoulder. Here is a spaniel with its nose in some sort of a white

fortable. Windows let in from the roof flood them with clear light. The straw beds in the corners glisten like pure gold. There is no odour of an unpleasant kind though a dozen dogs are here confined.

Living in Luxury.

"We keep the place," says the breeder, "as sanitary as a hospital. We have to. If we didn't the dogs that we operate on would die. So every day we air the straw bedding, and every third day we change it. Twice a week we flood out the whole building, wash it with a hose, then dry it, then disinfect it."

On a small table in the room a tiny white poodle sat when the writer visited the place. It was charming, with its long fluff of snowy hair. It had but one blemish: while one ear lay down in the proper way, the other stood straight up.

"This is a very well-bred little dog," said the breeder, "but one ear you see, is pricked, or erect, when it should be, of course, lopped or prone. My man will make it lopped now. Watch him."

Cocaine Injections.

The man injected into the erect ear a few drops of cocaine from a hypodermic syringe. This rendered the ear quite insensible to pain. Then, with a little lance, he made a scarcely perceptible cut in a certain tendon.



Making the fashionable wrinkles on a bull dog's face.

Instantly the ear fell over. The tendon had been like a backbone to it, and now, this tendon being severed, it would always lie, hereafter prone, like its mate.

"This little dog," said the operator, "wasn't worth 8s. five minutes ago. Now he is worth £6."

A Perfect Coat.

A big Newfoundland was next brought in. He was a solid black all over save for his breast, on which a white spot glistened.

"We are going to paint that white spot out," the breeder explained. "We will dye it a black that will last as long as the natural black of the coat itself. A perfect Newfoundland should be perfectly black, and this dog's master wants him to be perfect."

Three solutions were applied carefully to the white spot; first, a colourless solution, then a milky one, and, finally, a black one.

Fanned by Assistants.

While the dog was held still, the spot that had been treated was now fanned vigorously till it dried. It had then precisely the same brilliant hue of black that belonged to the rest of the coat.

The next patient was a handsome cocker spaniel. The little dog was brushed and combed for ten minutes. Then a clear liquid with an aromatic odour was applied to his neck and his hindquarters, and a very vigorous and thorough shampoo was given to the parts that had been anointed. Finally the hair was rubbed dry with towels.

This treatment, continued three times a week for a month, said the breeder, will make the spaniel's coat permanently curly at the neck and hindquarters, and thus increase greatly his beauty and his value.

The man recounted the other operations in ornamental surgery that he was then conducting. The nose of a King Charles spaniel was not sufficiently tilted, and he was bringing it gently to the proper shape by a process of bandaging, a painless process, similar to that whereby women, bandaging their ears closeto their heads before retiring, cure them of an inclination to protrude. A bulldog's legs were weak and swollen at the knees. He was massaging them daily, and at once strengthening and compressing them with tight bandages. A poodle's pricked ears he was lopping.

All these operations, the breeder concluded in justification, benefit a dog's life immeasurably. They change him from a cheap, imperfect animal to an expensive, fine one. He is bought by some rich animal-lover and his days are passed in luxury, whereas, but for his operation, his life would ten to one, have been a mean and wretched

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

In a letter addressed to his people the Grand Duke of Hesse has just given expression to his



One patch of colour artfully applied may increase a puppy's value enormously.

gratitude for the New Year's gift offered by his subjects as a respectful token of their heartfelt sympathy with their ruler at a time when sorrow has laid a heavy hand upon him.

The gift took the form of a curiously carved chest and a large sum of money, which the Duke was requested to use in whatever way best met his wishes. The idea of the presentation to the "Landesvater" was only started a few weeks ago.

In a very short time some 70,000 marks were collected, many of the contributions being literally on a par with the widow's mite—a signal proof of the esteem in which the Grand Duke is held by his loyal subjects, both rich and poor.

It is said that a movement is afoot among the Hessians in the United States which is likely to result in a similar substantial mark of appreciation.

65,000,000 PINS A DAY.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ELUSIVE AND MUCH-WASTED ARTICLES.

Great Britain, France, and Germany produce 65,000,000 pins every day, according to last year's statistics. Of this number Great Britain alone manufactures fifty-three millions.

It is an extraordinary thing that the pin should be as comparatively recent an invention as it is, but there is no record of any substitute for thorns in Europe until half-way through the twelfth century, when we hear of pin factories at Rugles and at Laigle, both in France. In 1292, there were ten pin manufacturers in Paris, and these formed a Confrérie des Espingliers, whose rules were most severe, and who had by-laws which reserved pin-making to members of the original families of the Espingliers.

In 1690 the first pins of tin were made, but these proved to be so dangerous that they were forbidden, confiscated by the Lieutenant-General of Police, and solemnly burned in the public places of Paris by the public executioner.

A century ago, ten men could make 48,000 pins a day. At present, three men make seven million and a half of them.



A spaniel is given an aristocratic nose by the application of bandages.



A complaining little patient is having the shape of his ears altered by a painless operation.

Here is a snowy little poodle pup with its ears tied up. Here is a fox-terrier rubbed down to a plank, so that it may not be applied to its coat. The stalls are exceedingly clean and com-

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

By CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "By Right of Marriage.")

CHAPTER XLI

Continued.

"Oh, that's only another of your low, scheming, cunning ways of undermining my reason and my will. All things to all men! That's your creed. Do anything, lie, rob, steal, murder, do anything and everything, so that you can pat yourself on the back and say you've 'saved a soul.' Pshaw! You are hateful. I—I am hateful, too, for letting you do anything for me. I am worse than I have ever been. I—I—" Vera broke down in hysterical weeping.

"Then go," said Lyle, gravely. "The door is open. Go out into your world. You have a free choice. Choose!"

"I dare not," she sobbed. "I—I am afraid!"

And so she had stayed. And she was there in the home at Wembley now, and he was thinking of all these things. The words of David came to him ringing clear above the jangle and din of his thoughts: "Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations He has made in the earth!" What desolations!

Then he heard Claudia speaking to him. Her voice was strange. He started, and met her eyes, and saw that something was very wrong.

"Tell me," she said, "about this Vera Mijatovitch. I want to know more about her. I—I think I have heard of her before. Please tell me!"

And Patrick Lyle told her. He merely stated plain facts, accentuating nothing, nor holding back anything. Vera Mijatovitch was a drunkard who had known better days, and had come down in the seething vortex of the modern Babylon, and he had conceived it his duty to try to save her—no, perhaps not so much his duty as an impulse, a passing phase of curiosity, for he was quite honest about the whole thing, and fully realised that he had seen many drunken women before and many lost men, and yet had not felt called upon to place them in an expensive private institution for some weeks at his own expense. No, the case of Vera Mijatovitch was different.

"Why?" asked Claudia.

"Why? That was where Patrick Lyle found it difficult to simplify his position. It necessitated the telling of the story of Terence Murphy and Charlotte Hill, and the great discussion between himself and "Quo Vadis"; it meant an analysis of a particular mood on a particular night, as he leaned over the balustrade of the suspension bridge across the water of St. James's Park, and thought of Rome, and the world, and his mission. No, it was not easy to answer that question of hers. Probably Lady Claudia Waynefleet would not understand; it was even possible that she would misunderstand, for she had in all probability never read the great arguments in the "Athenian Review," and, if she had, she would not understand how it was that, when he found his opponent brought low to the dust at his feet, he had repented and had striven more strenuously for her regeneration and salvation than he had ever striven before for her overthrow.

He hesitated, verging on apparent embarrassment. Fortunately she did not notice his hesitation, and broke in impetuously:—

"Do you know, Father Lyle," she said, "that I am very anxious to meet this Vera Mijatovitch? Will you give me her address and put me in the way of finding her? It seems almost like an interposition of fate that you should have mentioned her just now. I—I have been wondering how I could possibly find her for several weeks and—and—"

"Do you mean to tell me," said Patrick Lyle, in tones of surprise, "that you know her?"

"No, no, I do not know her. I only know of her." She stopped. There was an awkward pause. Then she said, quickly: "You see, I—I know a friend of hers."

"A friend?"

"Yes; and he would be as glad as I to know where she is."

"He?" The priest regarded her searchingly. He was wondering whether they could possibly be both thinking of the same man.

Claudia bit her lip and tried valiantly to control her scattered thoughts, to appear as if the subject under discussion were an ordinary one, and not something that struck deep down into the very roots and springs of her being.

"Who is your friend?" asked Father Lyle. "I should like to communicate with him. You see, I am naturally anxious to do all in my power to help the poor woman; and, as far as it appears at the present, she hasn't a friend in the world."

"Oh, but she has you," exclaimed Claudia, "and me—yes, I want to be her friend, too."

"Ah, my dear young lady, I am afraid you do not quite understand the case. Vera Mijatovitch is, well, she is altogether a strange creature. By the way," he added, suddenly, "do you happen to know if she be married?"

Claudia so slightly, "I—I—well, I believe she is," she stammered.

"Do you know her husband?" asked the priest, relentlessly.

Claudia Waynefleet was one of those people who find it hopelessly impossible to lie or deceive; so she answered quite simply, "Yes."

"Who is he?"

"Why should I say?" she asked, boldly.

Father Lyle shrugged his shoulders.

"Because it may materially simplify matters—between us, at any rate. Shall I suggest your answer—eh? Is it a certain Mr. Christian Morning?"

"Yes," she said, with a strange, husky note in her voice.

"And you know him?"

"Very well."

"Where is he?"

"At present in Siena, with his mother."

"In Siena. That is fortunate. Can you give me his address?"

"If you wish."

"I do wish. It may be of the utmost importance. I may be able to go to Siena from Rome; indeed, under the circumstances, I shall certainly make a point of going. And you say that—that he will be glad to hear news of his wife—eh?"

"I think so, I—oh, I don't know—how should I know? Why do you ask me all these questions, as if you were a judge and I some guilty prisoner? I ought not to have answered you. How do I know that Mr. Morning would like you to—trouble him about it?"

"Trouble him about it?" exclaimed Father Lyle ironically. "Faith, Lady Claudia, it's a nice to-do, isn't it, when a man like Christian Morning, who poses in Press and in public as a moralist, and who sets up a code of worldly, soulless ethics in the place of God's revealed religion, doesn't like to be troubled about his poor wife, who hasn't a penny to her name, and is in sore need of help far more important than money?"

"Oh, you don't know the facts—you misjudge him."

Perhaps you'll be so good as to tell me the facts," retorted Patrick Lyle, with a cold little laugh that sounded very cynical and seemed for the moment to make another man out of the kindly, courteous, velvet-voiced ecclesiastic.

"No, no," exclaimed Claudia, "I can say nothing more. I have said too much already. I ought not to have spoken. I was mad; only—well, it came so suddenly, and I was taken off my guard. Please—oh, please forget everything I have said. I don't know what I could have been thinking about to tell you. It has nothing to do with me."

"But it has a great deal to do with me," said Father Lyle gently. "Come, won't you help me? I, too, am placed in an awkward position, since the poor woman we have been talking about has never once mentioned her husband's name, or so much as said that she was married. And, for aught I know, she may have been divorced."

"How do you know, then, that she is the wife of Mr. Morning?" interrupted Claudia.

"Because," he answered, "I saw amongst the few things of hers I rescued from that terrible house in Charlotte Hill her marriage certificate."

"I see. And yet she never spoke of him?"

"Never."

"Or you?"

"No. Why should I? For a long time she was incapable of discussing anything; and, since the return of her reason and strength, it has been my constant desire to treat her as my guest. That is the only thing that has kept her where she is, and the subject of her husband was naturally precluded from our conversation. Yet, you must surely see that it is my bounden duty to enquire into the matter. She will sooner or later go out alone into the world. The world will not treat her kindly in the future any more than it has done in the past. I must therefore see that she has all her chances; and if—if she have a husband."

"Oh, you don't understand. It is all so different to what you think."

"And you refuse to enlighten me?"

"I must. I—I cannot say more than I have said. I have said too much as it is."

"Well, I must accept that decision," said Father Lyle quietly. "At any rate you will give me Mr. Morning's address?"

"Yes. It is the Palazzo Tolomei—the first floor. It is in the Piazza facing the Palazzo Pubblico. Mrs. Morning lives there. But—"

"If it will ease your mind," said Father Lyle, "I will promise you that our conversation shall be consigned to the limbo of complete oblivion, and that, when I meet, as I hope to do soon, Mr. Morning, he shall not know from whom I obtained his address. You see, I could have done so from many different channels. I have, as a matter of fact, his London address, and called there to find that he was abroad for a few weeks."

"Oh, it does not matter," she interrupted.

"I think I will write and tell him myself."

Again the priest gave her that quick, searching look. It was as if he were asking himself what Christian Morning, the socialist,

the rationalist, the reformer, were to Lady Claudia Waynefleet, the last of the Dexters. In part she answered that unasked question. "Mr. Morning and I correspond sometimes," she said, frankly; "I am interested in his propaganda. We have known each other for some years, ever since he was up at Oxford."

"I see," said Father Lyle, grimly. He was not altogether pleased with himself or his diplomacy. This girl, with all her nervousness and embarrassment, had the best of it. And her next question startled him.

"In return for what I have told you," she said, "will you tell me where I can find this Vera Mijatovitch in England? I should like to call upon her."

"You? Call upon her?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"Why, certainly, there is no reason; but—"

"Will you give me her address?"

"Yes; with pleasure; but let me beg of you to be very careful. You see, I don't want to lose her. She might take offence and—well, you see, there is nothing to prevent her walking out of the front door and disappearing again. I don't want all my work wasted."

"You can trust me, I think," said Claudia confidently.

Then he gave her the address of the Inebriates' Home at Wembley.

"You can tell Mr. Morning when you see him," she said, "that I shall call upon his wife in two or three days' time. I think he will understand."

And that was all they said. Father Lyle was puzzled, more than puzzled. He tried to reason the matter out, but he failed utterly. He felt not a little aggrieved. It looked as if Claudia Waynefleet had not treated him fairly, and he resented it; but he relaxed none of his determination to go and see Christian Morning at the very earliest opportunity.

That same night he wrote a short letter to Vera Mijatovitch, a courteous, friendly letter, the letter of a friend to a friend. He briefly recounted the fact of his safe arrival in Mentone and his immediate plans, expressed the hope that she was getting stronger, and would write to him in Rome, and incidentally mentioned—and this was really the sole object of the letter—that he had asked his young friend, Lady Claudia Waynefleet, to call upon her, and that he hoped they would get on well together.

Then he read over his letter and perceived that its note was false, and intuitively realised that the certain result would be to drive Vera Mijatovitch from the Home at Wembley. So he tore the letter up and determined to beg Claudia Waynefleet not to pay her visit.

But when he came down in the morning Claudia and the others had gone. The train started an hour before he had expected, and he had been late into the bargain.

He sent a telegram after her, however. It was terse and to the point.

"Oblige me," it said, "by not calling on V. M. until you hear from me.—Lyle."

Then he left it to fate.

Claudia received the telegram on her arrival in Paris, where they were all staying for a couple of days.

"I shall take no notice of the telegram," she said. "I must see her."

And she did. Three days afterwards she took the train from Euston to Wembley, and called at the Home.

She was, of course, not expected. The servant who answered her summons at the door regarded her suspiciously, and the nurse who afterwards interviewed her hardly hid her misgivings. There was, it is true, nothing in Claudia's personal appearance that belied what she said; but the nurse could not bring herself to believe that Lady Claudia Waynefleet should want to see Vera Mijatovitch. She was ultimately passed on to the doctor, who suspected police or other interference, and was consequently very nervous and unnecessarily cautious.

"Does Mr. Lyle know anything about this visit?" he asked.

"No," said Claudia, truthfully.

"Then how did you know where she was?"

"Because he told me."

"And yet you say—" commenced the doctor; but she interrupted him a little sharply.

"Really," she said, "I cannot be cross-examined in this fashion. I understand Madame Mijatovitch is staying here, and I desire to see her. Please send in my card to her. If she declines to see me well and good; but I cannot concede to you the right which you appear to have taken upon yourself to act as a sort of protective barrier. I am her friend."

The doctor was alarmed. His visitor was evidently quite able to look after herself; her name and title suggested power and influence. He thought vaguely of institutions under the patronage of high and well-born ladies, and saw in imagination himself and his really very beneficent institution under the searchlight of public criticism, influenced by English sentiment. As a matter of fact, he had never done anything wrong, yet he feared an exposé as much as the most guilty of private asylum proprietors.

"Excuse me, Lady Claudia Waynefleet," he said, "but you must understand that I am acting entirely under the instructions of Father Lyle, who is personally exceedingly interested in the case of this unfortunate lady, and his instructions are that I was to prevent as far as I were able, anyone seeing her, or her seeing anyone. The reason is surely obvious. Our one idea is to keep her absolutely isolated, and under our special treatment as long as is possible. You must not imagine for a moment that she is not a free agent, because she could leave us at once if she wished, and no one would stop her."

To be continued.

THE ATTRACTIVE 'KINK.'

"It is everything nowadays to possess an attractive 'Kink' in the hair."

"LADIES' FIELD."

A very pretty thing is wavy hair, or hair with a 'kink.' It seems to matter little what the shade of it may happen to be. From the golden tresses of the heroine of the popular novelist, down through every variety of blonde, and brown, and the richest and deepest black, hair that is wavy looks prettier and nicer than hair that is straight. Some people's hair is naturally wavy; while with others—and, perhaps we shall be safe in saying, in the majority of cases—there is a straightness which is never prepossessing and which not infrequently detracts in a marked degree from the general attractiveness of its owner.

It has been held to be not only a woman's privilege, but actually her duty to do the best she can for the benefit of her own personal appearance, and in this matter of wavy hair there is indeed a royal road opened for those whom nature has left unadorned, for we would defy the most clever expert to tell the difference between tresses of natural waviness and hair rendered wavy by the use of Hinde's "Wavers."

A strong point about the Wavers is the very natural result produced.

When waving is overdone, the effect is unsatisfactory because a sort of harsh and artificial appearance is given to the hair. The effect of waving is absolutely spoilt if it is overdone. The object in waving is not to get the hair as much into the form of an unexploded "black rapper" as possible, but to develop a scarcely perceptible undulation in it which shall be both graceful and artistic. There are few things more painful to those who have made hair-dressing a scientific study than to see a girl whose hair has been over-waved to the extent alluded to above. When waved with the help of Hinde's "Wavers," the hair flows as it were in a series of gentle undulations, and its general appearance is the very antithesis of sharp bends and short twists.



With the No. 11 Waver the hair is plaited even and under the shade of it may happen to be. One important point to be remembered is that when waving the hair you always commence near the roots, whilst for curling you begin at the points or ends of the hair.



No. 14 is much simpler and equally effective than No. 11. With this you simply open out the curls and roll the hair round and round for the length you require to wave, giving the hair a twist the whole time. If the hair is rolled round loose and flat the wave will not be a success.



No. 18 is used in the same way as No. 14, and produces an equally pretty wave. It is considerably lighter, being composed of a frame of very thin wire with a centre bar of tortoiseshell.

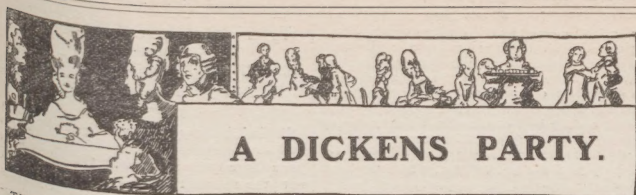


No. 19 is a later pattern, and is most cunningly devised to give the long French wave so much in vogue at present. It is an excellent renovator and will prolong the life of the wave, and is used after the hair is secured in place, or even after it is set dressed. If, when the hair is arranged, it is that it is too straight, two or three of these No. 19s inserted in the required position and allowed to remain for ten or fifteen minutes will give to the hair the appearance of having just left the hairdresser's hands.

"For her no fear of storm portending sky, Hinde's Wavers can the elements defy."

It is necessary to see that you get the genuine "Hinde's," as foreign crude made imitations are sometimes offered. The late Lord Justice Chitty, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., recently granted a West's injunction, with costs, restraining a West's agent from passing off spurious curls and waves as being "Hinde's Wavers." Evidence was given by a lady nurse, Mrs. Nobbs, of Kensington, who had suffered damage by such misrepresentation. Ladies are urged to note that no curls or waves are genuine "Hinde's," unless they bear the "Hinde's" trade mark, and are sold in the original box and on the box. They are sold in London and in the three Kingdoms.

HINDE'S, LIMITED, Patentes and Manufacturers of Articles for the Dressing Table, Metropolitan Works, Birmingham, and 1, Tabernacle Street, London, E.C.



A DICKENS PARTY.

THE GREAT AUTHOR'S GRAND-CHILDREN IN TABLEUX.

Last night, at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, five of Dickens's grandchildren gave "a grand, old-fashioned, Dickens-like party" to about 250 guests.

In the hall there was "Tiny Tim's" Christmas tree, loaded with many valuable gifts. A

Dickens Little Bo-Peep, Miss Olive Dickens a Fairy, and Master G. C. Dickens Noah.

Their efforts were particularly appreciated in the "animated spectacle," "The Dance of the Toys," a very pretty, graceful trifle. Many of the audience, however, undoubtedly preferred the "Quarrel Scene," which in lyrics showed how members of the best regulated families will quarrel at Christmas time, but that if their hearts are in the right place, when



Old world costumes at last night's party given by the grandchildren of Charles Dickens.

gentleman dressed as "Caleb Plummer," who will be remembered as one of the characters from the "Cricket on the Hearth" sold toys. The money obtained for them will be devoted to endowing a cot for the St. Vincent Hospital.

Well received were a series of musical tableaux vivants, in which Mr. H. C. Dickens, wearing the identical Court suit in which his famous grandparent appeared on the occasion of his only visit to Court, took a most active part.

In the same tableau, Miss Elaine Dickens represented Red Riding Hood, Miss P. C.

the Fairy of Goodwill (Miss Elliot) appears on the scene all enemies are lost in consulting the general happiness.

A dance and fancy fair concluded a delightful entertainment.

WHAT IS "DUN EMER?"

"Dun Emer" is the name of an interesting little Irish industry started some months ago by Miss Gleeson and the Misses Yeats, sisters of the well-known artist, and of the Irish poet. This industry, which is rapidly coming to the front, is named after Emer, wife of "Cuculaine," of historic fame, who was skilled in needlework, and her house

(or Dun) was the home of many crafts. Tapestries, carpets, and rug weaving, with embroidery and printing are the chief products of "Dun Emer," but it is intended to add book-binding and furniture. In the charming room devoted to weaving there is a beautiful flower scroll for the mantelpiece, with the following words, "By love alone God binds us to the hearth, and shuts us from the waste beyond His place." Amongst the embroideries is a baby's cot-quilt of roses within and without, with a motto from Blake, "Sweet joy I call thee, sweet joy befall thee." Truly the spirits of poetry, patriotism, and art seem to have joined hands at "Dun Emer."

"CURING" AT HOME.

HOW CONSUMPTION CAN BE FOUGHT WITHOUT HOSPITALS.

By A SANATORIUM MATRON.

What the open-air cure can do has been tried in the most Spartan manner by two Americans, whose cases were considered hopeless. With heroic endurance Mrs. George Allworth and Mrs. Alice Flint have slept out of doors nightly this winter on their verandahs, though upon one occasion the thermometer registered 30deg. below zero.

enough for admission to a hospital or requiring trained nursing, but of a delicate constitution and a consumptive tendency.

Where there is such overcrowding as there is amongst the very poor, it seems useless to suggest any remedy, but only to hope for the time when the nation will have taken up the matter, and the cry of the consumptive will have ceased. In the meanwhile, where there is a window let it be an open one—open night and day, winter and summer—and try to teach the occupants of the dwelling the truth of Ruskin's saying, "There is really no such thing as bad weather, only different kinds of good weather," and that pure fresh air direct from Heaven is to the consumptive what the lifebelt is to the drowning man.

Take an average working man, one member of whose family is consumptive. That member ought undoubtedly to sleep alone, and if possible have a separate bedroom, with only the necessary furniture in it and no bed hangings or window curtains wherein the dust may lodge. Warm but light bed clothing should be used, flannel night garments should be worn in winter, supplemented by long bed stockings.

Absolute cleanliness must be insisted on, both personally and with regard to the clothes worn, and daily baths should be deemed a necessity.

The daily sweeping of the invalid's room, and, indeed, of the whole house should be done



"The Dance of the Toys" at the Dickens party last night.

Their condition is now excellent, and they are reported very nearly cured of their complaint.

A few hints on open-air treatment in the home (dealing with it solely from a nurse's standpoint) will doubtless be of value to many people who have the care of patients not ill

in the following manner:—Take a damp (not wet) duster or piece of house-flannel, wind it round a broom and search out every corner and crevice, not forgetting the door and window-ledge. When dusting use a damp duster, and where there is polished furniture, moisten the duster with turpentine, which will increase the polish rather than diminish it and also act as a disinfectant.

Let the diet be as abundant as possible, consisting of plain, well-cooked food, with plenty of milk, fat, and butter, increasing the quantity of the latter by slow degrees, until at least four ounces is taken daily. As milk is a suitable trap for germs it should be boiled. Fill a saucepan with boiling water, in this stand a jug of milk; keep the water at boiling point until the milk also begins to boil, remove the jug and allow the milk to cool, when it will be ready for use. Boiled milk is often disliked, but a little perseverance in its use will soon overcome the aversion.

If left to themselves consumptives will eat well one day and leave their food the next. Hence constant supervision will be necessary, and it is here that difficulties in home nursing arise, since it is much easier sometimes for strangers to impress patients with the necessity of perseverance in this matter than their own relatives, who are more likely to give way to their pretensions of want of appetite and all the other arguments that are forthcoming to prove why the food should not be taken at that particular time.

The Deadly Broom.

Discard for ever the ordinary household broom, which only disturbs but does not remove the dust, which is usually left to "settle," and then disturbed afresh by the flick of a dry duster, the duster being flourished at intervals outside the door or window, sending any dust, germs included, that may have adhered to it "seeking for pastures new!"

The three most important points to remember when nursing consumptives (three to which the consumptive himself had better take heed) are fresh air, appetite, and weight. Let the life be spent out of doors, and when strong enough for an occupation let it be an outdoor one. Never at any time should a consumptive sit huddled up over the fire, for the atmosphere in the house ought to correspond as much as possible with that outside. Resting for half an hour before and after each meal, if possible, on a couch in the open—if this is impossible, then by the open window—will aid digestion.

The weight ought to be ascertained frequently, as increase and decrease in this particular is most important. The former ought to act as a tonic, making the patient hopeful and cheerful, and if the latter continues the sufferer will do well to report the matter to his medical adviser.



THE NEW VEIL DANCE.

This graceful novelty, as already reported in the "Daily Mirror," seems likely to become very popular this season. A soft silken gauze harmonising with the colour of each ball-gown is handled by the ladies with charming effect.



No. 21.—A charming Pattern Blouse made of a sale remnant

A GLANCE AHEAD.

COMING EVENTS IN THE REALMS OF FASHION.

The obvious in dress is altogether too wearisome, so I have ventured further afield and culled some of the shadows that inevitably precede coming events; these shadows oftentimes remaining shadows to all save the elect.

Those confections that are really recherch  are seldom discussed "en plein air," and are frequently never seen until they form a component part of some representative  l gante. But, given a little diplomacy and influence, one can do much towards securing a surreptitious peep behind these exclusive screens.

Now it was just one of these very stolen glances that revealed the presence of some gloriously original evening wraps of lace "ray " with fur, and since the lace was the predominant feature, it does not require any very inspired intelligence to surmise that this is a vogue that will not melt with the winter mud. Point de Venice and ermine, the latter minus its black tails, which were introduced about the hem in the form of a fringe over a pliss  of chiffon, represented a wrap of peculiarly distinctive character, that presaged a very height of luxury being attained by those with the ready wherewithal.

Fringes are Fashionable.

Fringes, too, are prepared to make a big bid for favour, and that they may be received without combating the cavilling voice of prejudice, modistes are arranging to treat them with more discretion than of yore. That is to say, we shall be spared the infliction of carrying fringe about our feet or trickling in tantalising disarray over our hands. While, on the other hand, to make up for this amiable consideration, we shall be asked to consider entire robes of chenille fringe, lightly besprinkled with jet, disposed over underdresses of net that conclude in soft volants of lace.

Two inspired creations, the one gone to the South of France and the other to Cairo, deserve to be chronicled. With the first, of chenille and jet, the jupe took a triple form, commencing with black Chantilly flounces at the hem and concluding with two deep fringes, the upper one dependent from a lattice work of the chenille. But perhaps the most delightful detail of this model was the corsage, of white guipure d'Irlande, the fringe put on in

a cloth costume of distinctive "genre," trimmed with black silk braid and black velvet appliqu  on a white cloth ground, the latter alliance distributed about the bodice in a singularly effective manner, together with various small additions of bows and buttons, while a deep belt of the silk braid has every due to be noted as a novel feature.

Of distinct merit is the piece of headgear displayed in the last column, which also car-



Gown of royal blue cloth trimmed with black silk braid and applique velvet.

deep vandykes below a clear d collet  of the lace, while the sleeves were great bouffants of white mousseline de soie.

The other gown, also of chenille fringe, and as light as the proverbial feather, was a study in royal blue chenille, chiffon and blue lace going to make up a strikingly original story. Apropos of which strong nuance, there is illustrated in the centre of these columns

ries a suggestion with it for those girls who like to remodel their millinery. The salient feature of the scheme is the swathed bird of green panne gauged at long intervals, which matches in colour the green bird that covers the crown, partly also a brown creature, whose mission it is to link the green of the brim to the brown felt that composes the hat.

THE HOME DRESSMAKER.

PELERINE BLOUSE OF TAFFETA AND LACE.

Behind the very pretty persuasion of taffeta and lace shown in the sketch that heads this page there lurks a remnant, though perhaps not the remnant in its simplest form. It may be that a short length of taffeta is alone responsible for the fact that some consideration should be bestowed on the pictured suggestion, since the sleeves and under drapery and, perhaps, the crossway folds are all that this is asked to express. But it is just those short lengths that are so tiresome to dispose of, hence a suggestion for the use of one allied to lace comes opportunely.

The lace should preferably be of that deep ochre colour which is now the vogue, though lace of any other tint is, of course, permissible; and a conscience insistently set on renovations will doubtless perceive the possibility of utilising the best remains of some lace dress for the dentelle details.

For the permanent support of the pelierine a thin lining of silk or strong net should be requisitioned, and on this shaped foundation the lace must be disposed alternately with narrowing pieces of silk or velvet cut on the cross. Little fancy tassels weight the ends, and the whole is a charming momento of the early thirties.

Approximate quantities: Silk, three and three-quarter yards; lace, seven inches deep six and a half yards.

Flat pattern, 6d.; tacked up, including flat, 1s. 6d.

"DAILY MIRROR" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT.

Any numbered designs on this page can be obtained at the Paper Pattern Department, "Daily Mirror" Offices, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. All applications to include the number and the price of the pattern or patterns. The patterns may be cut, in the case of adults, in the medium size only. When the patterns are for children, the age of the child will always be stated. All amounts of 6d. or over, should be sent by means of postal order. Foreign Stamps cannot be accepted in payment for patterns. In every case ordered patterns are dispatched at the earliest possible moment.



Brown Hat with a green panne brim and feathers.



PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Fish.

Cod. Herrings. Plaice. Turbot. Lobsters. Whiting. Halibut. Soles. Oysters. Dublin Prawns. Whitebait. Mackerel. Lemon Soles. Prawns. Canadian Salmon.

Meat.

Pork. Veal. Beef. Mutton. Poultry and Game. Chickens. Ducks. Pheasants. Quails. Geese. Pigeons. Plovers. Teal. Turkeys. Rabbits.

Vegetables.

French Beans. Cabbages. Cucumbers. Seakale. Carrots. Cauliflowers. Onions. Tomatoes. Turnip Tops. Turnips. Beetroot. Parsnips. Spinach.

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Grapes. Oranges. Melons. Pineapples. Lychees. Apples. Bananas. Figs. Nuts of various kinds. Green Ginger.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blossoms for the Table. White Narcissus. Mimosa. Scarlet and White Geraniums. White Roman Hyacinths. Asparagus Fern. Spanish Oak. Cat Flowers and Flowers in Pots. Tuberoses. Roses. Chrysanthemums. Honesty. Spiraeas. Ferns of various kinds.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 56.—COUPE "DUCHESS OF DANTZIG."

By M. ESCOFFIER, Chef of the Carlton Hotel, (Dedicated to Ivan Caryll, Esq., the composer of the play thus called.)

Put in a champagne glass up to the third part of its height some pieces of marrons glac s and finish filling up the glass with some cream vanilla ice, bearing on the surface a rosace made of strawberry ice; place on the centre a fine marron glac  and six crystallised violets round.

MEMORANDA FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Thursday evening.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

Saut  Kidneys. Grilled Ham. Savoury Omelet. Bondinettes of Cold Meat. Herrings Baked in Pastry.

LUNCH OR SUPPER.

*Pur e of Rabbit   la Cr me. Cod and Oyster Pie. Turkey en Casserole. Grilled Chops and Tomatoes. Egg Patties.

Flageolet with Parsley and Butter Sauce. Mince Pies. Fruit Salad. Stilton Cheese. Pulled Bread.

COLD DISHES.

Steak and Pigeon Pie. Roast Beef. Game Salad. Prawns in Aspic.

TEA.

Muffins. Cress Sandwiches. Christmas Cake. Shortbread. Chocolate Cakes.

DINNER.

Macaroni. Hollandaise. Fried Sole. Scallops of Salmon. Entrees.

Indian Fritters. Fillets of Beef   la Colbert. Roasts.

Hindquarter of Mutton. Stuffed Goose. Apple Sauce.

Game.

*Quails   la Marseillaise. Roast Pheasant. Vegetables. Scalloped Salsify. Potato Snow.

Sweets.

Queen Mab Pudding. Pineapple Souffle. Savouries. Stuffed Olives. Cheese d'Artois. Lemon Water.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with an asterisk are given on this page.

SIMPLE DISHES.

No. 203.—PUREE OF RABBIT   LA CREME.

INGREDIENTS.—Two pounds of knuckle of veal, prepared in the usual way, one large (half cooked), four hard-boiled yolks of eggs, one raw egg, white bread crumbs, one ounce of ground sweet almonds, one ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, three and a half pints of cold water, one large carrot, turnip, and onion, two sticks of celery, bouquet garni, one gill of cream, pepper, salt, nutmeg.

Prepare the lean of the veal in pieces, chop the bones, put the giblets in a pan with salt and water and a little salt, bring to boiling-point and strain it; add the vegetables. Simmer this stock for three hours. Remove any brown portions from the rabbit, cut and scrape all the flesh off, weigh it, and put in a mortar with half its weight in crumbs that have been soaked in milk, put in also the almonds and ground rabbit, etc., and rub it through a sieve. Strain the stock and skim it; melt the butter in a pan, stir in the flour, and add enough of the stock to make a thick sauce when boiled. Add the stock and rabbit, puree till they are mixed; beat the raw yolk with cream. Let the soup boil, then cool for a second or two, strain in the liaison of cream and egg. Re-heat, but do not boil it again. Season carefully, and strain into the tureen.

Cost 4s. for eight portions.

No. 204.—QUAILS   LA MARSEILLAISE.

INGREDIENTS.—Three quails boned, quarter of a pound of raw sausages, one ounce of butter, one raw egg, bread crumbs, salt, pepper, half a pint of tomato sauce, one onion, one tuile.

Cut each bird in half, lengthways, leaving on the legs. Sprinkle each piece with salt and pepper. Put the butter in a saut  pan, when it is hot put in the quails, cut side downwards, and fry them for five or eight minutes. Lift them out and press till cool between two plates. Rub the meat from the bones through a wire sieve, season it, and work in one beaten egg. Coat each side of the quails with the mixture thinly and smoothly. Brush them over with beaten egg and cover with butter. Fry in plenty of hot fat, drain them on paper, and arrange in a straight line down the centre of a hot dish. Strain the tomato sauce round, and put four small heaps of the tuiles in dice round.

Cost 4s. 6d. for six portions.

"DAILY MIRROR"

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"Daily Mirror" advertisements can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a Box Department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Man servant. FOOTMAN (as first of two), where odd in respect, age 25; height 5ft. 8in.; (Oxford, Essex).

Cook. COOKING or daily work wanted by woman with good references; good, plain cook. M. A. Clark, 6, St. Thomas-st., Old Kent.

General Servant. USEFUL HELP; 28; excellent needlework; thoroughly domesticated; child; (London, Essex).

Companions. COMPANION HELP with young children; age 17;—M. Newton, near Mainham, Essex.

Ladies' Maids. LADY personally recommends maid, with 10 years' experience; good dressmaker; no hair; references.—A. Bridges, 180, Harrington-st., W.

Travelling Maid (experienced); week or monthly engagements; languages (four); references.—M. A. 4, Queen-street, E.C.

Nurse. NURSE; disengaged; 2 years 8 months experience; wages £20.—Apply Garian, 40, New Bond-st., W.

Housekeepers. HOUSEKEEPER to widower, or any place; a great deal of experience; good references.—M. A. 11, Kensington-st., Fulham Palace-road, W.

Widow. WIDOW requires situation as Housekeeper; with child; superior references.—M. A. 11, Kensington-st., Fulham Palace-road, W.

Parlourmaid. PARLOURMAID (temporary); disengaged; references.—M. A. 11, Kensington-st., Fulham Palace-road, W.

Housemaids. HOUSEMAID, as second of four or five; 4 years' experience.—M. A. 11, Kensington-st., Fulham Palace-road, W.

Miscellaneous. CARETAKER for offices, or other daily work; references.—M. A. 11, Kensington-st., Fulham Palace-road, W.

Day. DAY WORK required; cleaning offices, cook, etc.—M. A. 11, Kensington-st., Fulham Palace-road, W.

Man. MAN (single), desires evening work; references.—M. A. 11, Kensington-st., Fulham Palace-road, W.

Man. MAN (single), desires evening work; references.—M. A. 11, Kensington-st., Fulham Palace-road, W.

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12 words or less 1/- (1d. per word afterwards).

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SITUATIONS WANTED.

Manservant.
FOOTMAN (as first of two, where odd man is kept) age 25; height, 5ft. 9in.; dis-
tinguished. -Lansing, High-road, Boreham,
Essex.

Cook.
COOKING or daily work wanted by woman.
Good references. -Mrs. J. G. Clark, 5, St. Thomas's-road, Kent-road.

General Servant.
USEFUL HELP; 28; excellent needlewoman;
thoroughly domesticated; child not
needed. -A. C. 156, Marlfield-road, S.W.

Companions.
COMPANION HELP, with young children;
age 17-21. -M. Newton, near Rainham, Essex.

**Lady-Secretary or Companion; whole or
part time; good correspondent, book-
keeper, and general assistance. -Mrs. J. G. Clark, 5, St. Thomas's-road, Kent-road.**

Ladies' Maids.
LADY personally recommends maid, with her
references. -A. Bridges, 100, Harringway-
road, W. Green, A.

Travelling Man.
LADY personally recommends maid, with her
references. -A. Bridges, 100, Harringway-
road, W. Green, A.

Nurse.
NURSE, discharged; 2 years 6 months
experience. -Mrs. J. G. Clark, 5, St. Thomas's-road, Kent-road.

Housekeepers.
HOUSEKEEPER to widower, or any place of
the kind; good references. -Mrs. J. G. Clark, 5, St. Thomas's-road, Kent-road.

Widow.
WIDOW requires situation as Housekeeper;
with any child; good references. -Mrs. J. G. Clark, 5, St. Thomas's-road, Kent-road.

Parlourmaid.
PARLOURMAID (temporary); discharged;
age 18; good references. -Mrs. J. G. Clark, 5, St. Thomas's-road, Kent-road.

Housemaids.
HOUSEMAIDS, as second of four or five; 41
years; good references. -Mrs. J. G. Clark, 5, St. Thomas's-road, Kent-road.

Miscellaneous.
CARPENTER for offices, or other daily work;
good references. -Mrs. J. G. Clark, 5, St. Thomas's-road, Kent-road.

General Servant.
GENERAL SERVANT; good references; 28;
discharged. -Mrs. J. G. Clark, 5, St. Thomas's-road, Kent-road.

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discharged. -Mrs. J. G. Clark, 5, St. Thomas's-road, Kent-road.

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GENERAL SERVANT; good references; 28;
discharged. -Mrs. J. G. Clark, 5, St. Thomas's-road, Kent-road.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

COOK (single-handed); £25; House-Parlour-
maid; £20; Housemaid; £15; wanted by
Thursday Jan. 14, for Kensington, 30, Nor-
dham-square, Holland Park, W.

COOK (plain) wanted; housemaid and page
kept; good wages. Write particulars, Mrs.
Bell, 25, Edith-road, West Kensington.

COOK (good plain) wanted; good references;
£15; £10; £8; £6; £4; £3; £2; £1; £0; £0;
Crane Park, Surbiton.

COOK-GENERAL wanted; good wages-
Apply Mrs. Rhodes-Smith, Rose-cottage,
Sheepcote-road, Harrow.

COOK-GENERAL wanted, for small flat,
West-Write 725, "Daily Mirror," 45,
New Bond-street, W.

COOK-GENERAL wanted immediately.-Mrs.
Tindal Atkinson, The Avenue, Hatchett,
Bucks.

COOK-GENERAL (thoroughly good) wanted,
also housemaid; separate bedrooms; no
children; 3 in family; personal reference in-
dispensable.-Apply Mrs. Harrington, 19, Faw-
ley-road, W. Hampstead.

COOK-GENERAL and Housemaid wanted;
£15-20; 4 in family; Write 731, "Daily
Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK-GENERAL; £22; House-Parlourmaid;
£20; and Useful Help; £18; live in
Bond-street, W.

COOK-GENERAL (superior, young) wanted
immediately; small family; good references
essential; £10 to £12.-Apply 115, or by
letter, to Mrs. F. 11, Brompton-road, Ken-
sington.

COOK-GENERAL and House-Parlourmaid re-
quired, January 25.-Write 734, "Daily
Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK-GENERAL and House-Parlourmaid
wanted; man kept.-Apply The Haven,
Kaber.

COOK-GENERAL wanted; good wages; small
family; useful help kept; and woman
weekly.-Springfield, Wickham-road, Sutton,
Surrey.

COOK-GENERAL wanted in small flat; good
character; neat appearance.-2, Cardigan-
mansions, Richmond.

COOK-GENERAL wanted at once; age 25-30;
two housemaids kept; no basement. Apply
116, Fordway-road, Bromley.

COOK-GENERAL and house-parlourmaid
(young) wanted.-Mrs. Forrest, 20, Beis-
croft, Hampstead.

COOK-GENERAL and house-parlourmaid
wanted.-Mrs. 8, 2, Belair-square, Swiss
cottage.

COOK-GENERAL (good), about 25; no wash-
ing; house-parlourmaid kept; family two;
personal reference.-Apply 134, Hamp-
ton-road, Bromley.

COOK-GENERAL wanted; girl kept; wages
£15-16.-Apply Mrs. Parsons, 119, Dart-
mouth-road, W. Kensington.

General Servants.
GENERAL SERVANT (capable) wanted for
£15; good personal character; Scam-
per, reference.-Apply 11, St. John's-villa,
Kings-hill-road, West Norwood.

GENERAL (good) at once; £12 to commence;
best girl; willing girl; comfortable
home; kept.-Mrs. Kest, Waterfall Farm,
Boughton, London.

GENERAL Servant, good plain cooking, for
two in family; good wages.-Apply Mrs.
Aitken, Farnham, Wood-lane, Hampton-on-
Thames.

GENERAL for flat; two in family; plain
cooking; apply between 10 and 11 o'clock
£18-20, Kensington-mansions, Trevoy-road, East 3,
Court.

GENERAL Servant, 20 to 25; no basement or
washing; small family; wages £20; per-
sonal reference.-Apply by letter, or after 6,
Mrs. S. 61, Berners-street, Oxford-street.

GENERAL wanted; strong, early riser; £14
to £15; small house; three in family-
A. G. 59, Elphinstone, Clapham Junction.

GENERAL; plain cooking; nurse kept; £16-
£18-20, Daily News, Clapham Junction.

GENERAL SERVANT; good reference; no
cooking.-Miss Burgess, 7, Nydington-
square, E.C.

GENERAL SERVANT (good); 28; 3 Park-
road, Clapham.

GENERAL wanted for flat; 2 in family;
£15-16; plain cooking.-Apply between 6 and 9
o'clock, Kensington-mansions, Trevoy-road,
East 3, Court.

GENERAL (good) wanted; about 30; refer-
ences required; very quiet place; com-
menced at £12.-Mrs. Hepworth, Windsor-park,
Gatford.

GENERAL (good, experienced) wanted, aged 20
to 25; 3 in family.-nursing, 17, wood-
land-rise, Muswell-hill-road.

GENERAL Servant; plain cooking; small
family; good wages.-6, Foster-road,
Gosport.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Nurse.
NURSE-HOUSEMAID wanted; one child-
Apply Southlands, South-road, Clapham
park, S.W.

Lady's Maid.
MAID (superior) wanted, about 30, for chil-
dren; rooms; care of linen, sewing,
etc.; state age, wages, former duties, and re-
ferences.-26, A. Livingston, 229, Finchley-road,
Hampstead.

Parlourmaids.
HOUSE-Parlourmaid; age 24; two in
family; good wages; £15-20; 11, Kox-
burgh-mansions, Kensington Court.

HOUSE-Parlourmaid wanted at once;
three in family; good wages; £11, Kox-
burgh-mansions, Kensington Court.

HOUSE-Parlourmaid and Kitchenmaid
wanted in a private court; dressmaking es-
tablishment; must be Protestant and abstemious.
Apply by letter, to 4, Benliscote-street, Manchester-sq.,
W.

HOUSE-Parlourmaid required; £18-20.
-Mrs. M. 72, Gordon-mansions, W.C.

PARLOURMAID, also Housemaid required;
small house; Mrs. York, 30, Montpelier-
square, Knightsbridge.

Housemaids.
HOUSEMAID wanted in small family.-Ap-
ply, 10, St. James's-road, E. W. Craig-
head, 20, Hastings-road, Strand Green, London, N.

HOUSEMAID wanted, 31, Marylands-road,
Paddington, age over 20; wages £14.

HOUSEMAID and scullery maid wanted in
superior business house; good wages.-Mrs.
S. 31, Fenton-street, Haymarket, S.W.

Laundrymaid.
LAUNDRYMAID; single-handed; country;
two in family; 6 servants.-Full particu-
lars, M. Lovell House, near Crawley, Sussex.

Hotels and Boarding Houses.
HOUSEMAID, about 22, for first-class board-
ing-house; suitable servant kept.-S. 35,
Lancaster-terrace, W.

HOUSE-Parlourmaid required; experi-
enced; and Cook; for Teignmouth; at
house; private matter.-Mrs. George, 6, New-
market, W.

Miscellaneous.
LADY Canvasers wanted to call on house-
holders in the country to introduce an
article of food, and to obtain state of
experience, and enclose photograph if pos-
sible.-C. 10, Cornhill, E.C.

PUPIL required for Facial Massage; small
premium.-Madame Kennos, 87, Sandgate-
road, Folkestone.

SERVANTS' Agency; experienced clerk
wanted. Write fully to A. M. C. Co.,
Lark's, 49, Great Portland-street, W.

HOUSES, ETC., FOR SALE.
ATTRACTIVE semi-detached villa, Clwick;
5 bed, 2 bath, large reception-rooms, 11ft.
high, nice long garden, 100 yds. long, with
cucumber, bath, etc.; electric train and auto
to City, 20 minutes; for sale, frehold, £400;
or leasehold, £100. -H. G. 10, High-road,
Lewes, 104, High-road, Clwick.

BARGAIN in London weekly property.-A
gentleman requiring money will sell ex-
cellent cottage, 10 to 12 years old, with
£400 per house, and it, situated, £100. -W. 20,
17, Chatsworth-road, Brighton.

CHARMING Residence; 6 large bed, 2
reception rooms, one 24ft. long, with
bath and every comfort; large garden;
£875 frehold, or leasehold £575. -H. G. 10,
-H. G. 10, High-road, Lewes.

FOR SALE, 6 elegant Weekly Houses, very
centrally situated, where houses are always
in great demand; 10 to 12 years old, with
they will be sold considerably below cost to build;
suitable bargain; only want seeing-tail on
wants a collector, at 33, Trinity-street, near
Finsbury Church (few minutes from Cannon
Road Station, E.C. 4).

FREEHOLD, Clwick.-Pretty villa; 5 large
bed, 2 reception, usual offices, large cellar,
very nice long garden, 100 yds. long, with
papers and paint; 100 yards from high-road;
£400 to City; frehold £750, or leasehold £400;
£400 to City, £400 to City, £400 to City.

HAMPSTEAD-Only one more of these
houses.-Some construction, 12 rooms;
bath (n. and c.); charming decorations, modern
kitchen, lease, 90 years; ground rent £18;
price £575, worth £750, can be paid as rent.
-H. L. 1, Upper Hamilton-terrace, N.W.

NORTH FINCHLEY (close to new electric
line), 10 to 12 years old, with large gar-
den; suitable for houses of £400 to £450; rents;
immediate possession; cash, £20 per ft., balance
by instalments; free conveyance.-H. Williams,
29 Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, W.C.

NORTH LONDON-Two pretty little bay-win-
dow houses, only £200 each; quite close
to E.C. 4; 100 yards from high-road; with
washhouse, garden, and forecourt; just decorated;
suitable for buying; 100 yards from high-road;
only £190 each; £370 to the two; rent one
11s. each. -Mr. Fisher, 20, Wornwood-st., City.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH-No. 302, Goldhawk-
road; pleasant property in main road; 12
rooms; semi-detached; with large gar-
den, 13 rooms, bath (n. and c.); redecorated;
direct lease, 24 years to run; rent one
£10; rental value £20; price £700 or offer-
Apply to Mr. Fisher, 20, Wornwood-st., City.

SOUTH LONDON-A corner house, with gate-
way entrance, good yard, and small stable
or shed, very suitable for small builder or other
business; just repaired throughout; lease 99
years; £45 per year; £225, or £25 cash and
balance as rent; a big bargain.-Write to
Trustee, 8, Birch-lane, W.

FLATS TO LET AND WANTED.
CHELSEA.-Pretty furnished flat; three
rooms; moderate terms; meals obtainable
residential or adjoining.-Miss Morris, 27,
Margaret-terrace.

Small Flats to be let, well planned, taste-
fully decorated, close to Stockwell Electric
Station, and close to the City; 24 rooms;
besides kitchen and bath room; rents
from £35.-Apply to Mr. D. C. D. Co., Ltd.,
Victoria-street, W.

208 WEEKLY-Cosy charming flat (fur-
nished).-W. 24, St. Clement's-mansions,
Fulham (appointment only).

HOUSES TO LET, FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED.

CROYDON-To be let, well-arranged resi-
dence, surrounded by pretty country and
near station and electric tram; 2 reception,
4 bedrooms, bath, usual offices, garden;
electric light; decorated to suit
tenants; rent £42, other at £36, £50 and
£55.-To view, apply 9, Bingham-road, Addis-
combe Park, Croydon.

FURNISHED OFFICE to let for business pur-
poses.-Fairclough, 2, Orchard-st., Oxford-st.

GOOD HOUSES to let in respectable street;
five minutes from station; containing five
rooms, with gas stove and fittings, garden with
back entrance; workmen's trains to City and
back; 3d; rent only 7s. weekly.-Apply Thomas
Young, 2, Broadway, Barking.

SOUTH HAMPTSTEAD (Boundary-road, N.W.)
most convenient for the City and West End.
Containing seven bedrooms, bath-room (with
bath), two reception rooms, and four good reception
rooms; excellent basement; with the usual
office; and a large garden back and front; rent
£50.-For particulars and card to view, apply
555, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carnarvon-street, E.C.

WIMBLEDON-Handsome villas to let; elec-
tric light; every modern improvement;
rents from £25, or for sale by company's op-
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